

MAD®

SUPER SPECIAL

OUR PRICE

\$2.00
SUPER
CHEAP

WINTER
1981

... FEATURING SERGIO ARAGONES'S
FULL-COLOR, ILLUSTRATED, 20" X 30"

MAD MAP OF THE U.S.A.



WITH
CLOSE-UP
DETAILS
OF LOS
ANGELES,
NEW YORK,
ALASKA &
HAWAII
ON THE
BACK!



A MAD PICTORIAL MAP
OF THE UNITED STATES

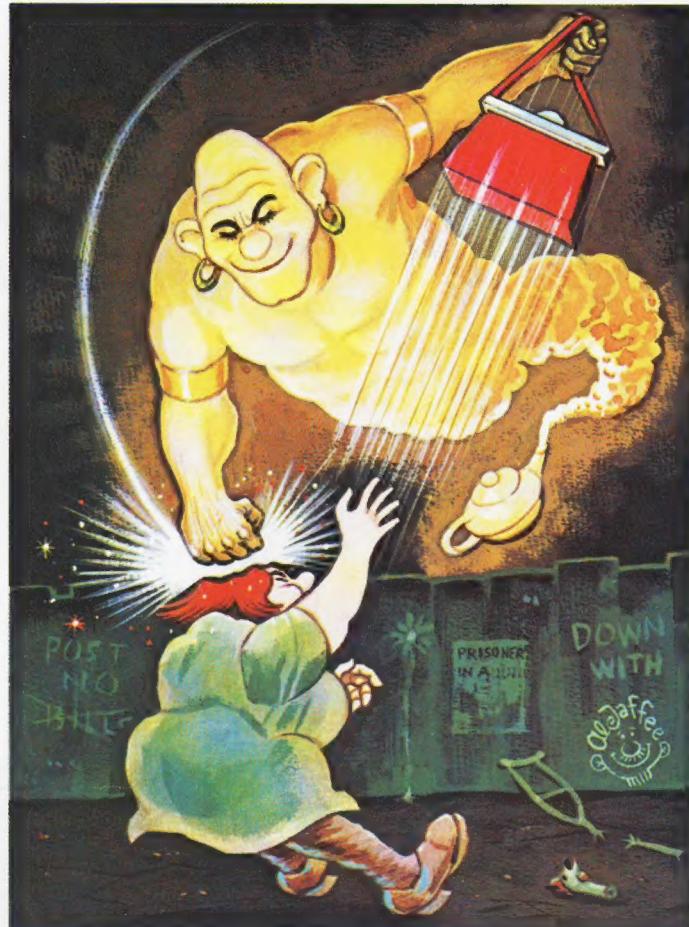
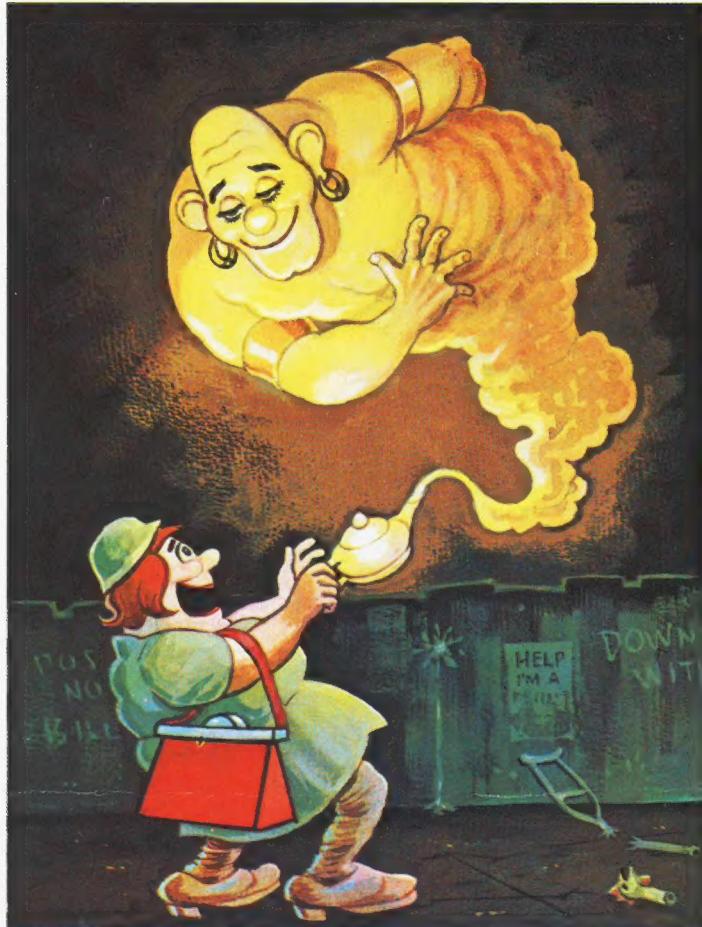
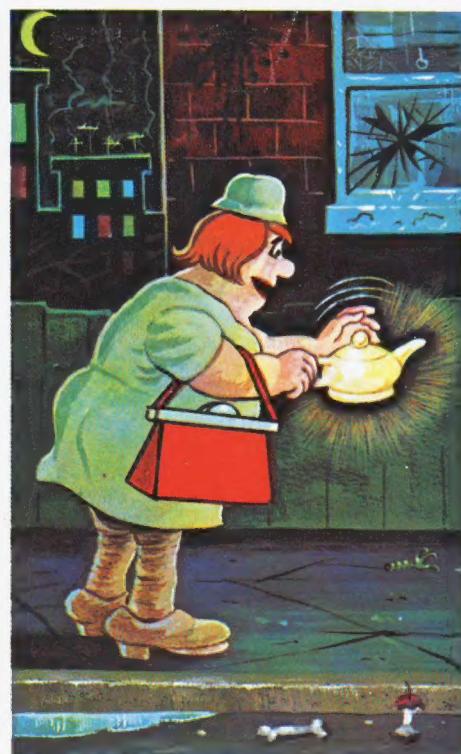
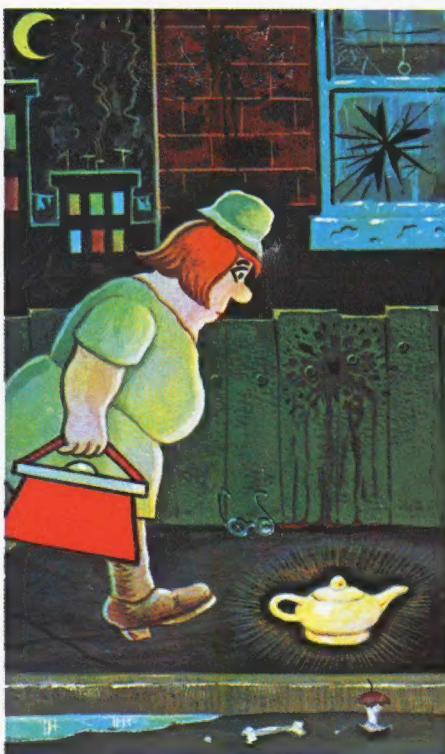
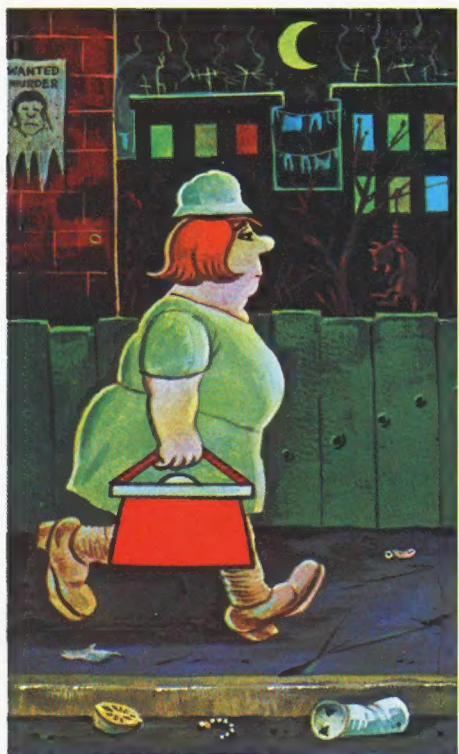
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PLUS THE USUAL ASSORTMENT OF ARTICLES, MOVIE &
TV SATIRES, AND OTHER GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES



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ONE NIGHT IN THE BIG CITY



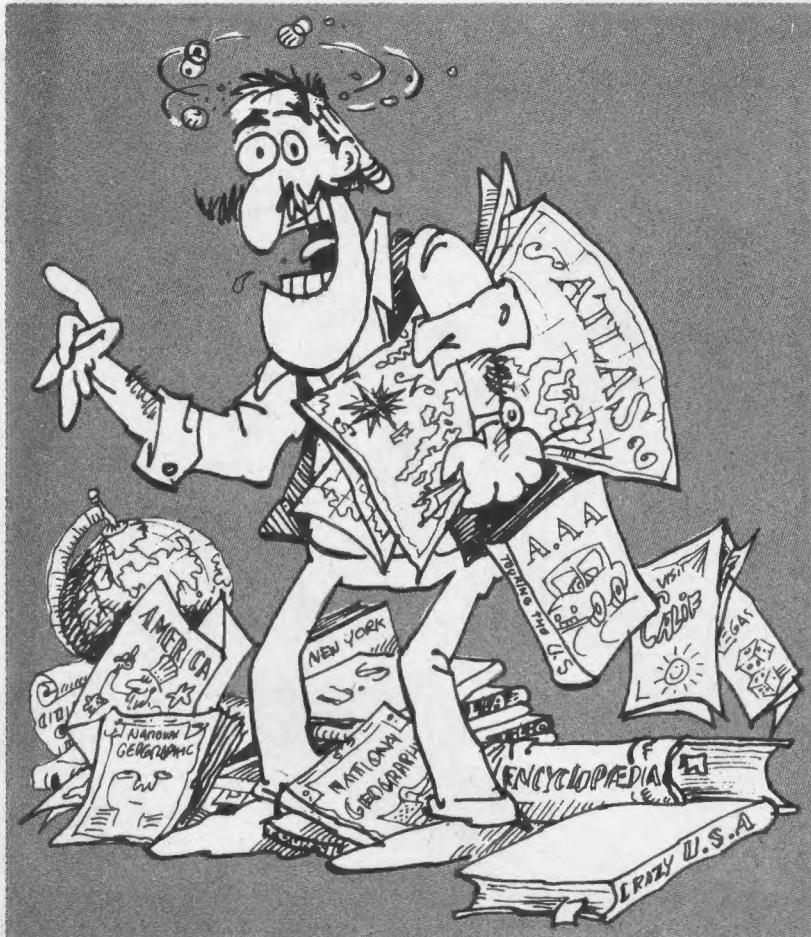
WINTER 1981 **MAD** **SUPER** **SPECIAL** **NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN**

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return . . . as soggy bread!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
NICK MEGLIN *senior editor* JOHN FICARRA *associate editor*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



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**Various Places Around The Magazine

Well, that old loveable ape is back in the movies. We're referring, of course, to Dino De Laurentiis. Clever Dino has taken the old classic, "King Kong," and he's up-dated it . . . he's put it on the wide screen in color . . . he's invented new special effects . . . and he's added something new: Humor! Yessir, it seems they decided to play this remake for laughs! Unfortunately, they don't go far enough! Because all they end up with is

KING

Gentlemen . . . welcome aboard our ship, "The Petlox Explorer"! I had to wait until we were on the high seas to tell you where we plan to look for oil! Not at the bottom of the ocean . . . but on a desolate, uncharted fog-bound island . . .

Gee, I was wondering how you expected us to look for oil on the ocean floor with only seven feet of PIPE on board!!

Man . . . it takes guts to gamble on finding oil on an island that no one's ever seen before!

Well, Fraud Winsome has plenty of guts! I know because I watched him heave them up all over my cabin during that last storm!

Let me tell you what a satellite photo of the island reveals about its composition! First it contains pre-hydro carbons! Next, radical binocular nitrogens! Third, excess carbon dioxide! And last . . . artificial flavorings and coloring! Now, we—

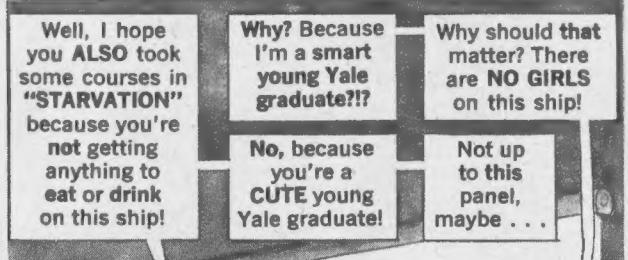
May I take a minute to break in here? I'm not officially signed on this ship . . . so let me introduce myself! I'm Hack Pressclot! I'm from Yale University, where I majored in "Gigantic Primate Behavior", and minored in "Stowing Away Aboard Ships" . . .



KORN



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Why should that matter? There are **NO GIRLS** on this ship!

No, because you're a **CUTE** young Yale graduate!

Not up to this panel, maybe . . .

We found her floating in a life raft, Captain . . .

Was there anyone else with her?

Yeah! Three make-up artists, a hairdresser and a seamstress! That's how she was able to survive the storm and still look like this! The others died before we could save them . . .

Where—where am I . . .?

You're safe aboard an American Oil Exploration Vessel! Or as safe as you **CAN BE** with forty sailors who haven't seen a broad in over six months!!



Okay, Hack, I believe you're not employed by one of our competitors! But to earn your keep, I'm appointing you "Official Photographer"!

Take our picture now, Hack!

Okay! Can I see a little more leg?

I've got my pants rolled up as far as I can now!!

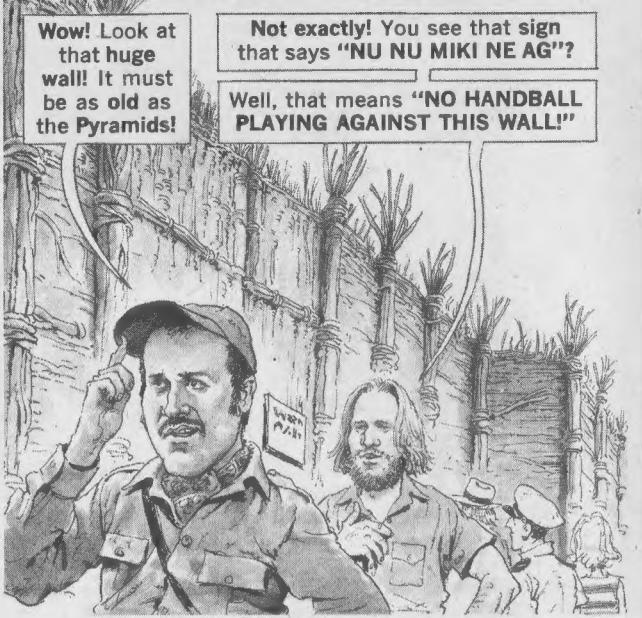
I was talking to DAWN!!

Hmm! On second thought, maybe we can charge your room and board to your American Express Credit Card!

Wow! Look at that huge wall! It must be as old as the Pyramids!

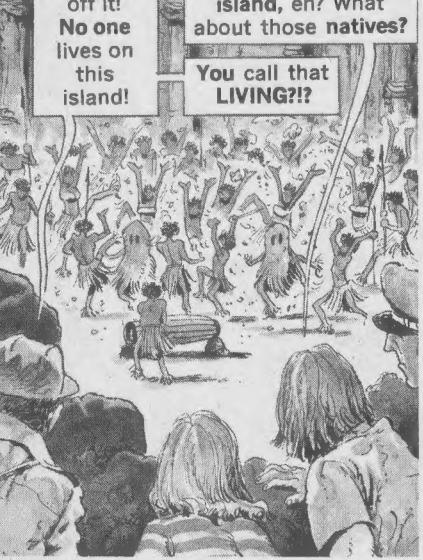
Not exactly! You see that sign that says "NU NU MIKI NE AG"?

Well, that means "NO HANDBALL PLAYING AGAINST THIS WALL!"



Ahh, come off it!
No one lives on this island!

No one lives on this island, eh? What about those natives?
You call that LIVING?!!



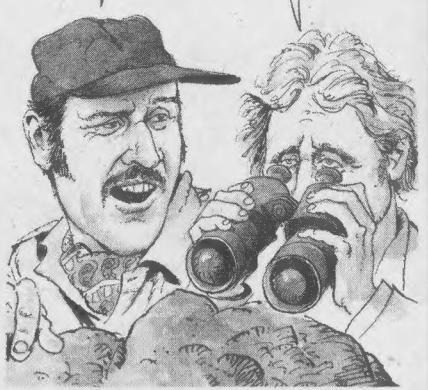
They're holding some sort of Pre-Wedding Ritual! That native girl is probably the Bride, and that guy in the ape mask is obviously a stand-in for the Groom ...

Because it's BAD LUCK for the Bride to see the REAL Groom before the Wedding?

Not exactly! In this case, it may be even WORSE luck for the Bride when she sees the Groom AFTER the Wedding!!

Baggy! Look down there! See those bubbling pools of thick black gook? Do you think that could be oil?

I doubt it! The natives are pouring it into cups and adding cream and sugar . . . !



They've spotted us, and they've seen Dawn! They want us to give her to them in exchange for six of their women!

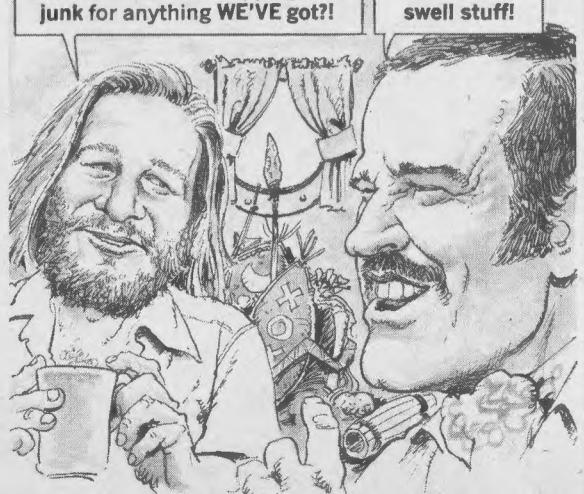
DAWN! For six of THEIRS?! Those savages are NUTS!! Tell them TEN -OR NOTHING!!

What?! Why, you inhuman ☆@★!@!! You mean you'd actually trade Dawn for ten of their women?!

Don't be ridiculous! It's just a trick to calm them down! Then, we'll let them know what we REALLY want! FORTY of their women for Dawn, or NO DEAL!

I tell you, I know how to deal with backward natives! We've got pots, pans, bracelets and all kinds of shiny trinkets . . .

They sure are, smart guy! We just swapped all your CAMERA EQUIPMENT for this swell stuff!

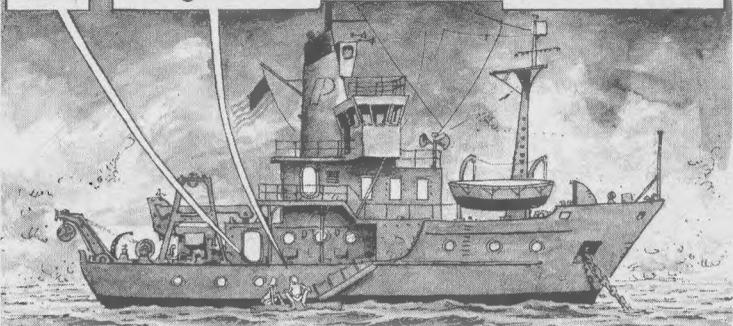


Where are you going THIS time of night, Hack?

To the island . . . to get my equipment back! Man, my cameras are the most important thing in my life right now!

Oh . . . ? Too bad! I—I was kind of hoping you might come to my cabin!

Well, what do you know?! I just lost all my interest in photography!! Why don't you slip into something comfortable, like your bed, and I'll go brush my teeth!



Come on, guys! I'm not in the mood to meet anybody new tonight! And besides, I already HAVE a heavy date!

Will you lay off, fellas? Listen, I appreciate the non-stop drumming and the thousands of torches, but I'm not really INTO "Discos"!!!

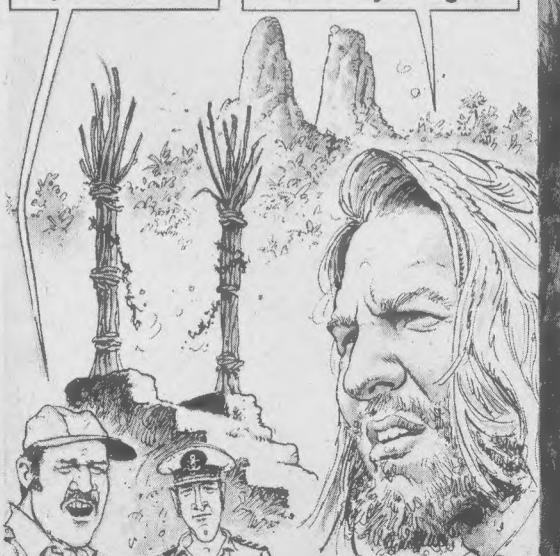
Tell you what! I'll give you my telephone number and maybe we can set something up for next week! Okay?



We're too late! King has already taken Dawn . . . !

Any ideas where?

Well, there's a small candle-lit restaurant overlooking the lagoon next to a motel! That would be my best guess!



We've got nothing to go on! There are no footprints . . . just those great big holes through the jungle!



Those aren't HOLES, you idiot! Those ARE the footprints! C'mon . . .

Y'know, King . . . as big as your hands are, I've had less trouble with you than with most of the men I've dated!

You're not a bad ape! First, you gave me a bath in a jungle pool, then you blew me dry, and now you've brought me a couple of eggs for breakfast . . .

Er . . . you wouldn't happen to have a twelve-foot frying pan, would you?!!



Hey!! What the—?

Why is it I have so much trouble staying on ships?!

If I'm not getting thrown off, I'm being taken off!!

Hey . . . just one minute! Where do you think you're taking me?!! Look, I dig tall, dark, hairy men . . . but THIS is ridiculous! Put me down now! I will not go home with you!

Well . . . maybe for a little while! But I have to be back by 10 o'clock!

Okay! By 11 o'clock! But not a minute later!

It would be different if this were on a week-end, King! But it's a Tuesday! Who stays out late on a Tuesday?!



I've checked out the sample we took from the island, and it's 100% pure oil all right . . . exactly up to Petlox's rigid standards . . . !

YAHOO!! And coming here was all MY idea, Baggy!!

As a matter of fact, it IS Petlox oil!! The natives here import it from the mainland in barrels! As for the island itself, it hasn't got a single drop!

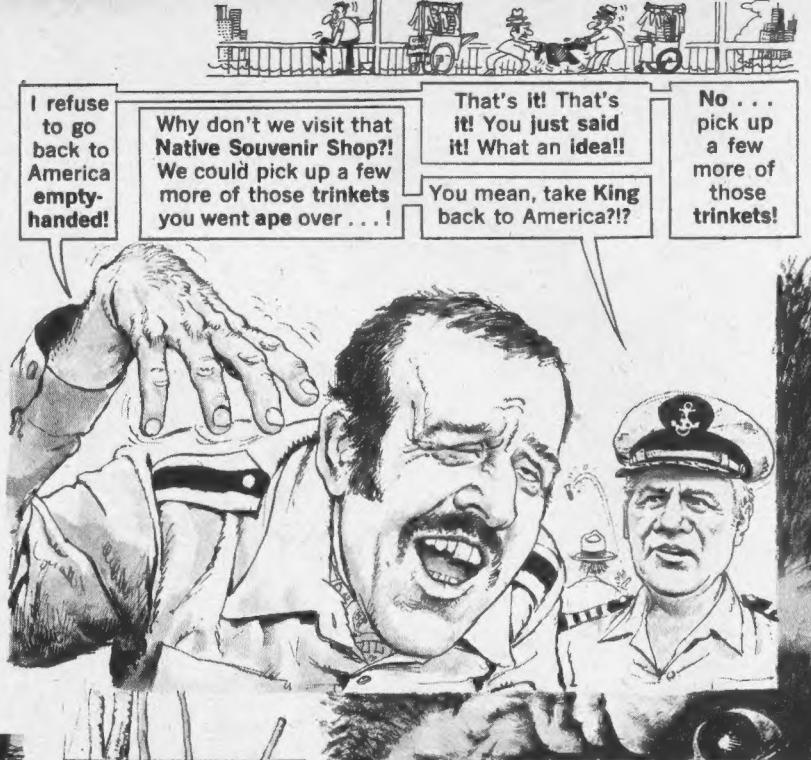
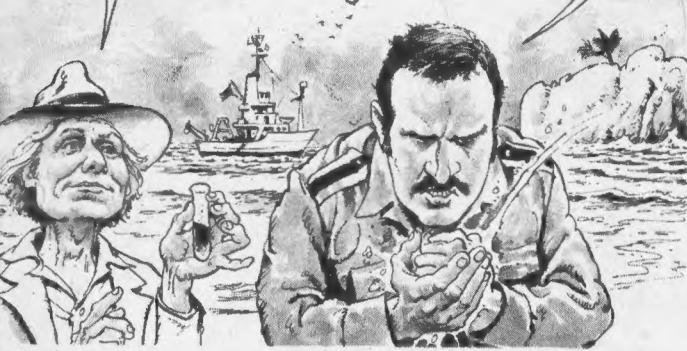
Too bad coming here was all YOUR idea, Baggy!

I refuse to go back to America empty-handed!

Why don't we visit that Native Souvenir Shop?! We could pick up a few more of those trinkets you went ape over . . . !

That's it! That's it! You just said it! What an idea!! You mean, take King back to America??!

No . . . pick up a few more of those trinkets!



I've changed my mind! I'm taking the trinkets AND King back with me! I mean, if Exxon made over a billion dollars with "Put A Tiger In Your Tank," how much money do you think we'd be talking about with a slogan like "Put An Ape Under Your Hood"??

Oh, I'd say about twenty million the first year . . . and I think you'd lose even MORE the second year!!

Okay, men . . . lower that TWO HUNDRED POUND BANANA into the trap . . .



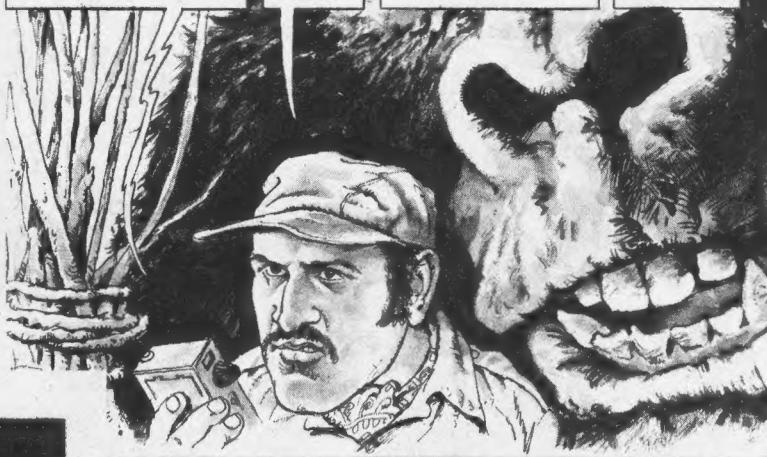
Here's an update on King! Dawn and Hack have gotten away from him . . . and King's position now is four hundred meters northeast of Checkpoint Charlie!

Got it! And what's OUR position right now?

Let's see! Your position now is three hundred and ninety-nine meters northeast of Checkpoint Charlie!!

In other words . . .

Right! That warm tropical breeze on your back is KING'S BREATH!!



I'm so sorry we captured King and we're taking him back to New York on this ship! It's so unfair to him!

What? Are you kidding? King is an ANIMAL! An animal that tried to RAPE you!

That's not exactly true! He DID take me out to dinner and a movie!

Besides . . . the natives will be thrilled to be rid of King!!

There's where you're wrong! Without King, this island will soon be over-run with two hundred pound bananas!



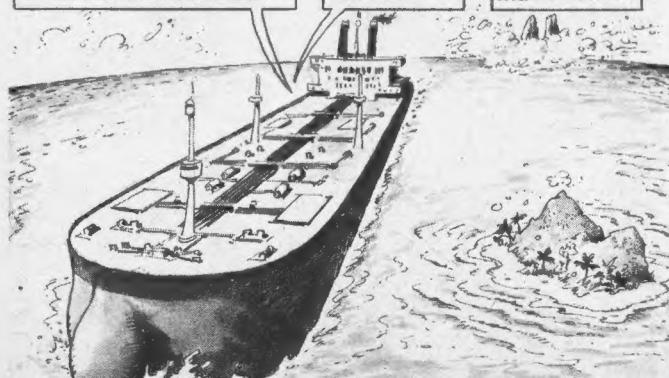
I've been thinking of ways to exploit King! I could star him in a BALLET . . . with Nureyev and Fonteyn and Weiss!

Nahhh! That's no good! A TUTU for King would cost a million bucks!!

I've got another dynamite idea! We have a big Double Wedding! You'll marry Dawn, and I'll have King marry THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!!

Who'd want to marry a STATUE??!

Listen, yours might not be much better!!



I'm quitting this circus, Fraud! I just can't stomach this cruel, disgusting exploitation of King!

If you go with him, kid . . . if you quit on me now, I'll make sure you never get another booking in Show Biz! You'll end up tap dancing at Rotary Clubs!

Gee, that doesn't sound so bad . . . especially since I can't tap dance now!

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet the biggest chimp in the world!

Th-thank you for that wonderful introduction! The introduction was for KING!! I said "Chimp" . . . not "CHUMP"!!

Listen, all you reporters! Don't get so close to Dawn! King will think you're trying to tear her clothes off!

Hey, kid! Mind your own business! We ARE trying to tear her clothes off!



Look! King is breaking free!

Ladies and Gentlemen, don't panic! I assure you the cage is escape-proof! I was locked in it all day yesterday . . . and I couldn't get out of it!

Look! He's torn his cage apart!

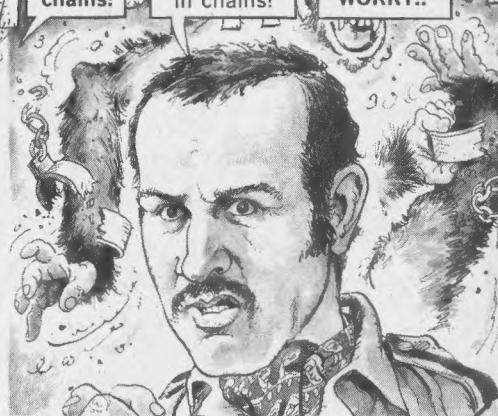
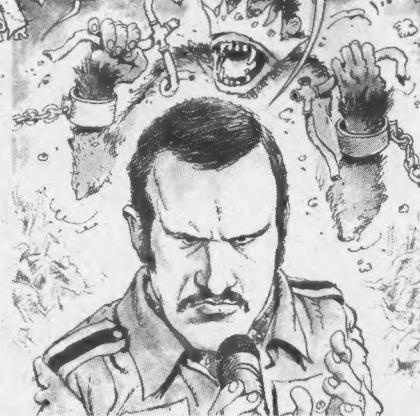
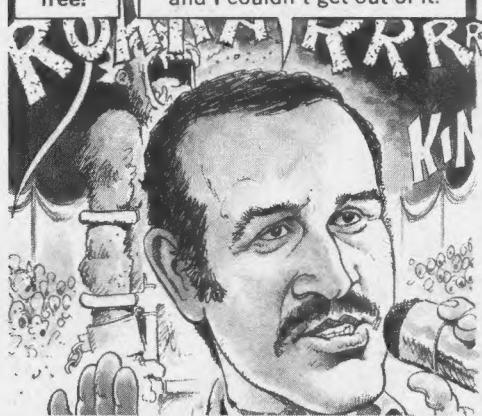
Don't worry! His legs and arms are still in chains!

Look! He's broken his arm chains!

Don't worry! His legs are still in chains!

Look! He's broken his leg chains!

WORRY!!



No, King! No!! Don't step on me!

I suggest that you study the fine print in your contract, King! It's got a "No Squish" clause!!

You can't leave me FLAT, King!!



Do you think we're safe on this train, Hack?

Of course we're safe! King doesn't have a subway token . . . so they'll never let him on!

Put this train down this instant, you great big juvenile delinquent ape!

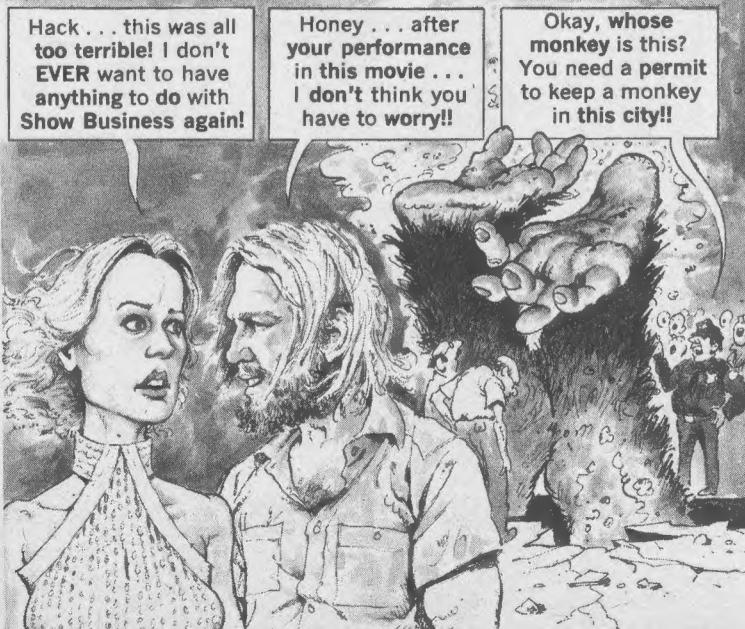
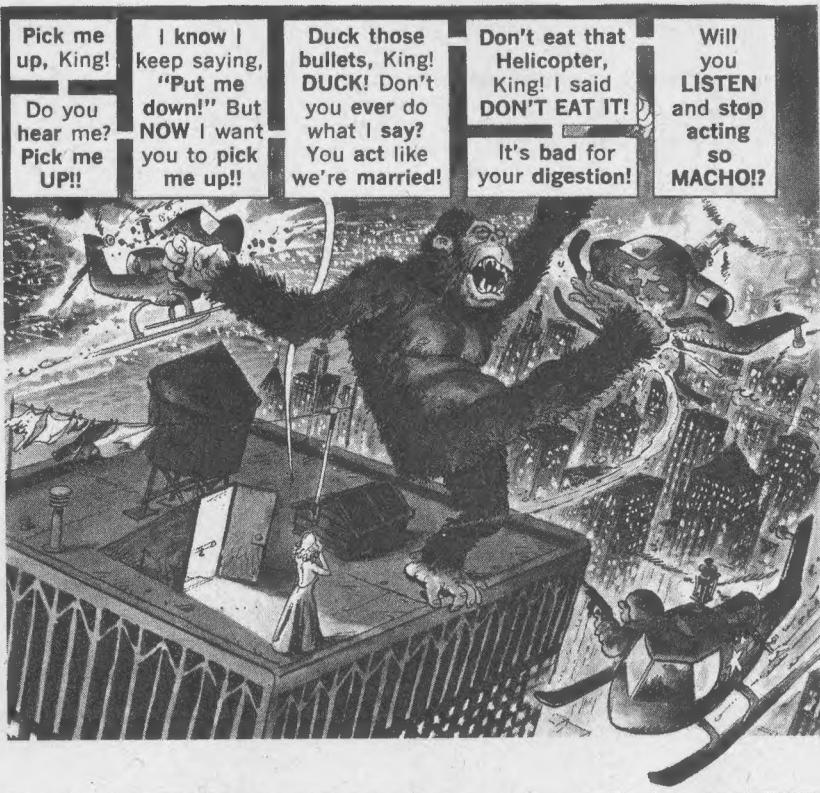
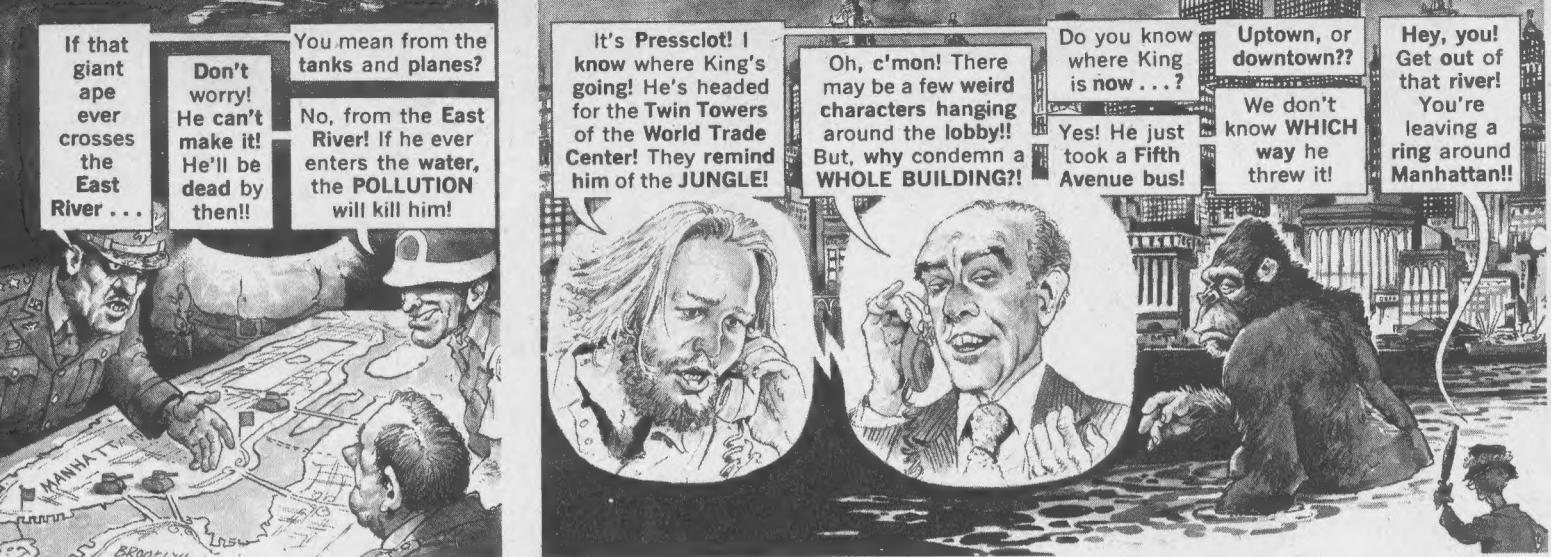
Hey, is this 42nd Street? Can you drop me at 42nd Street?

Oh, my God! He's gonna roar again! I can't stand it when he roars . . .

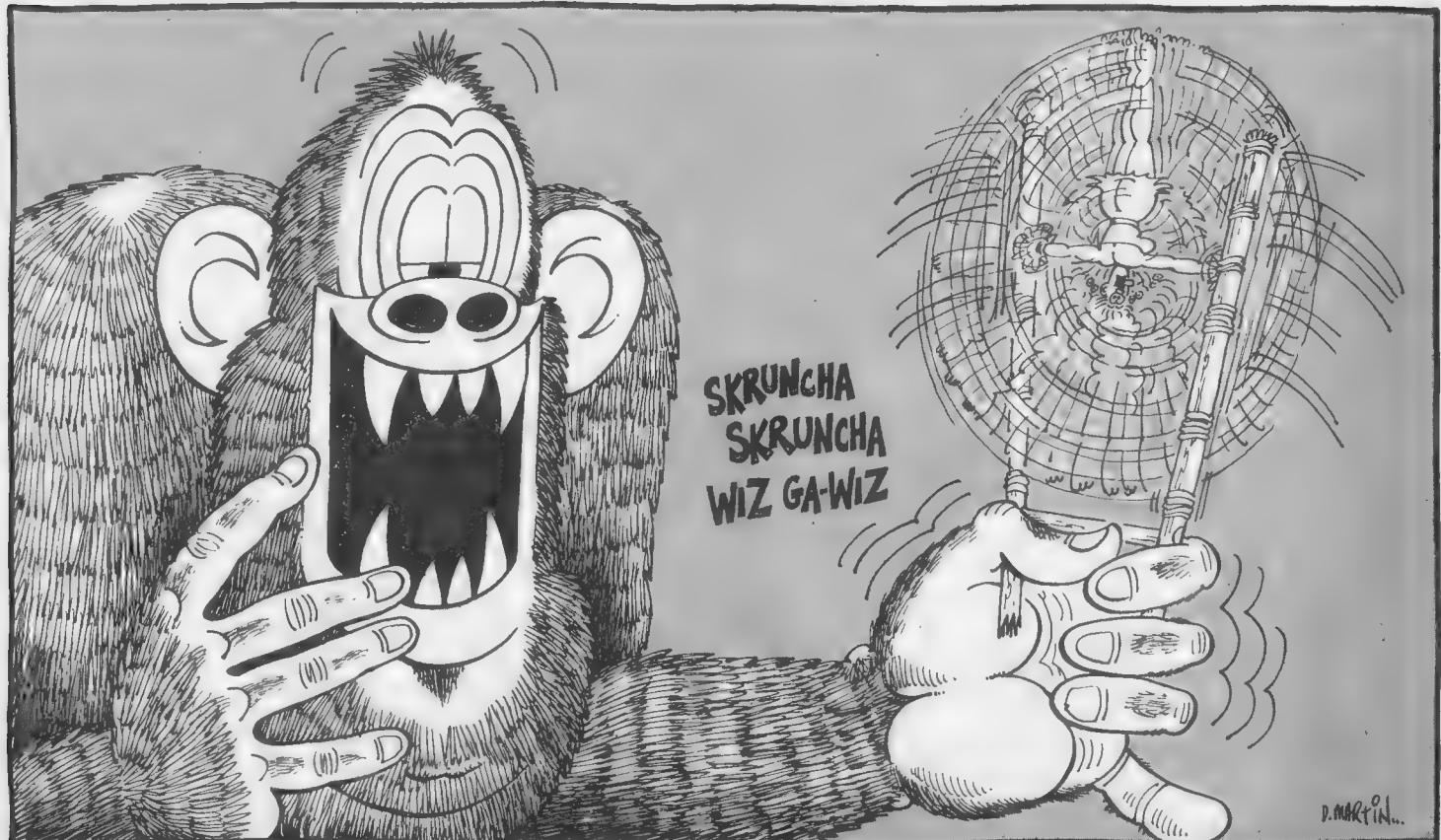
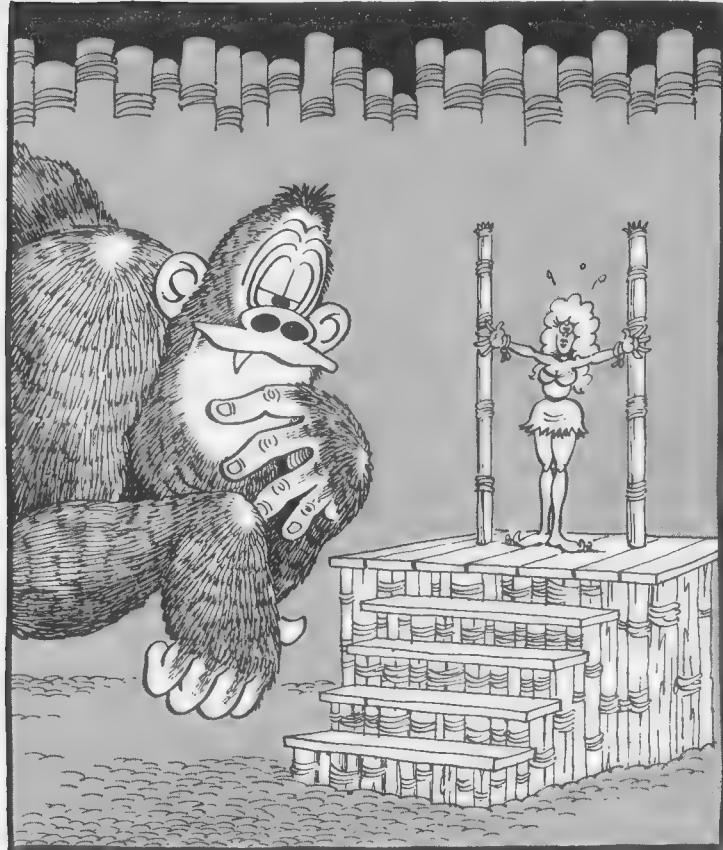
I know what you mean! The sound is enough to KILL you!

FORGET the sound! It's the BREATH that'll kill you!

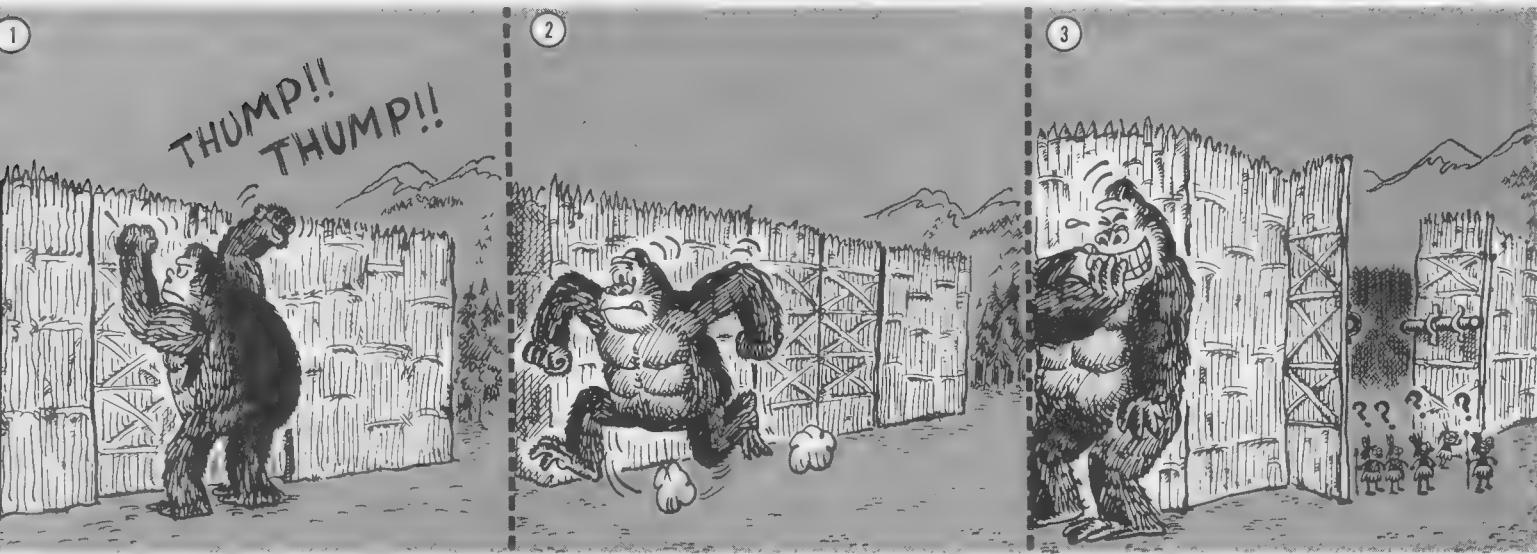




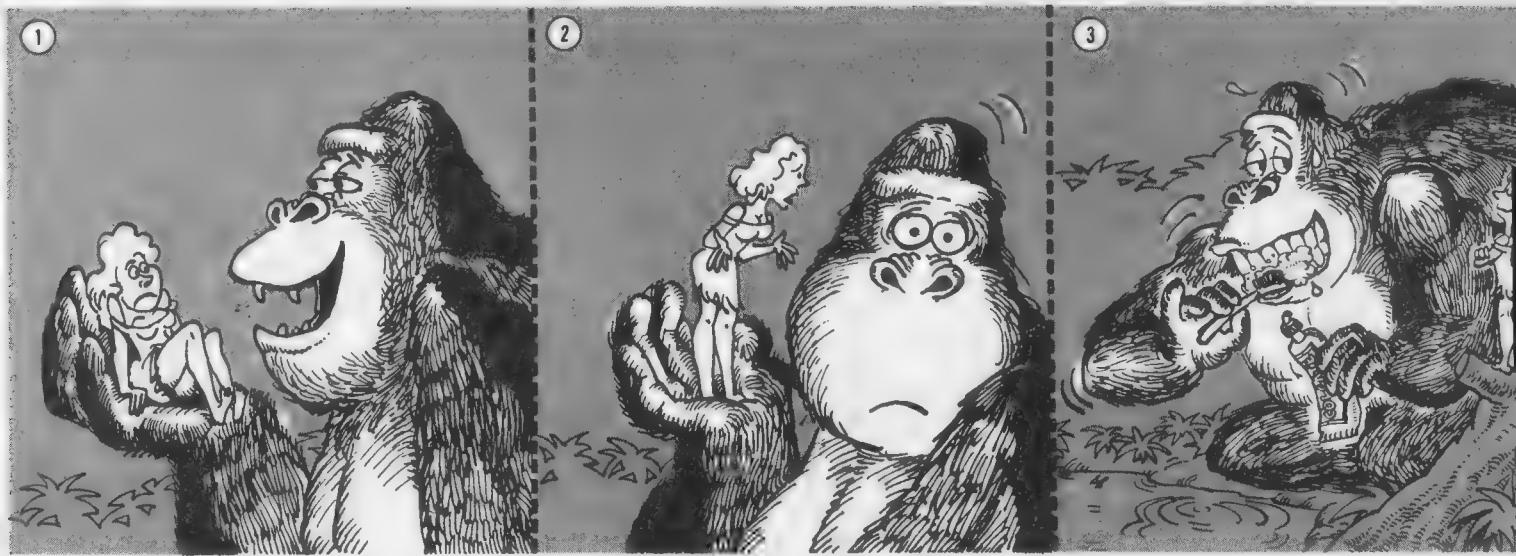
ONE NIGHT ON SKULL ISLAND



A MAD LOOK



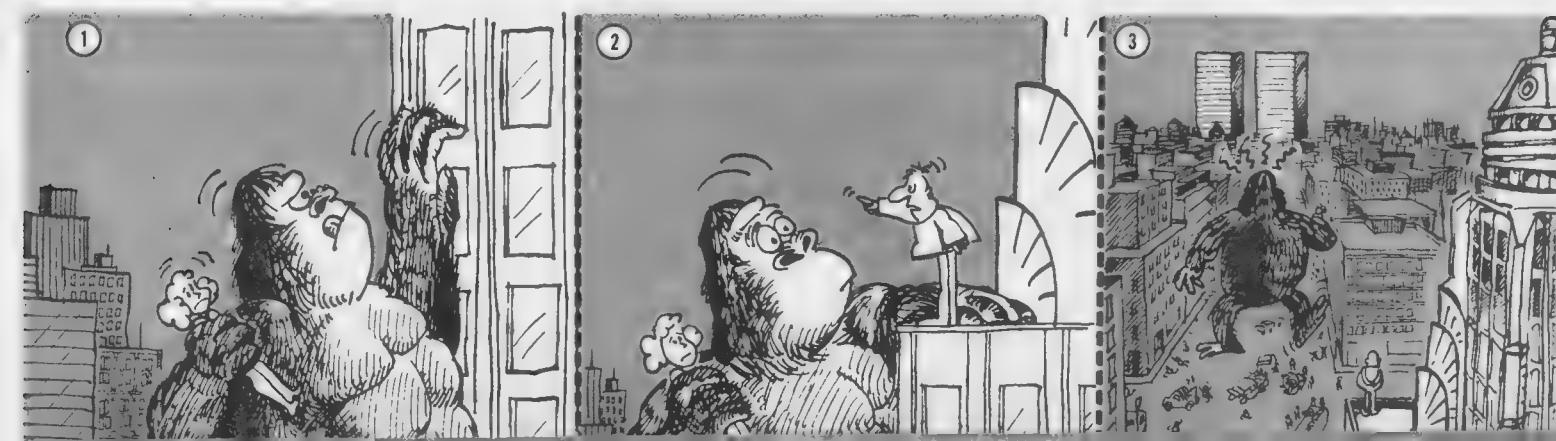
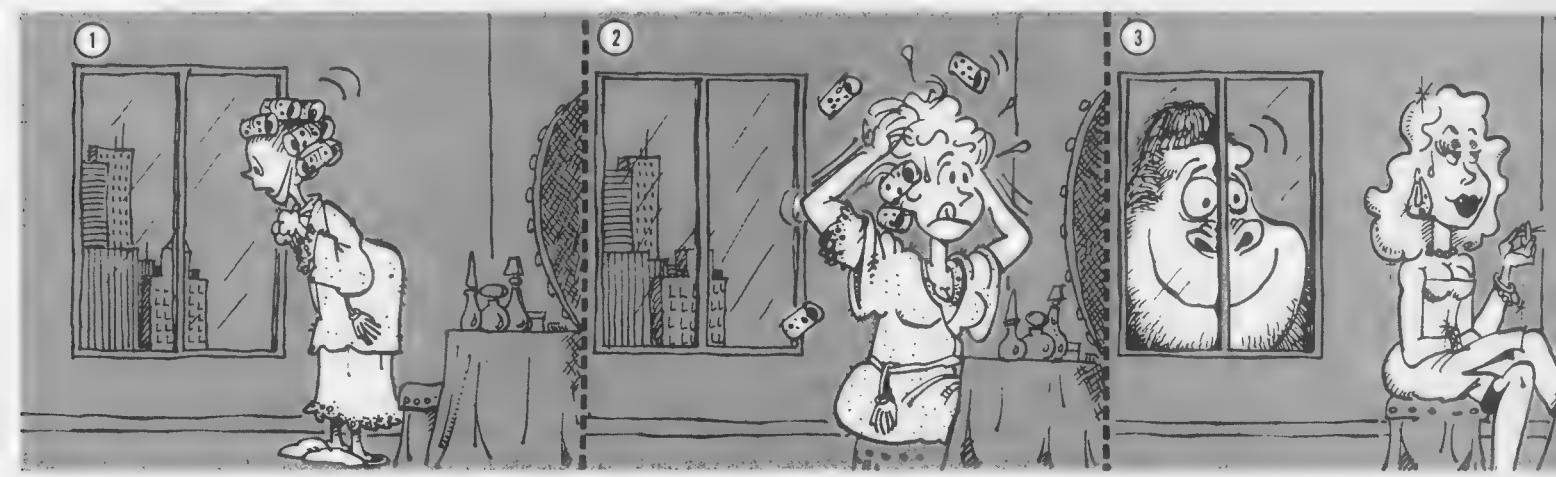
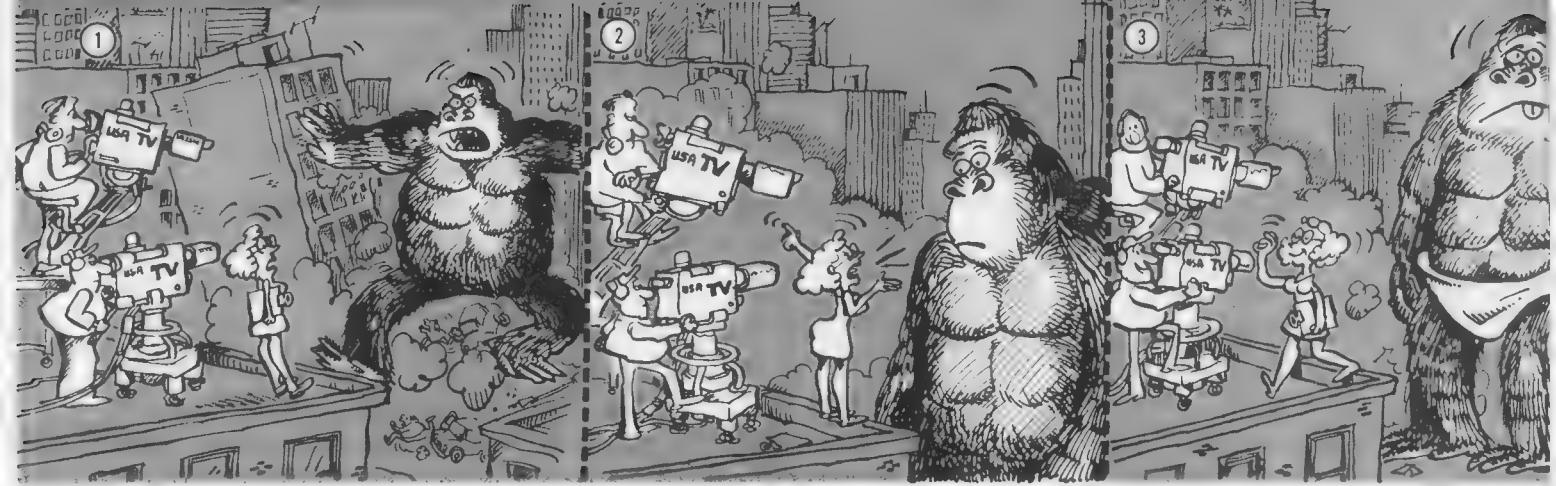
AT KONG KONG



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







FONE-BONUS DEPT.

Telephone answering devices are becoming more and more popular. Millions of people are buying them, including some who don't even own phones! Now, that's popular!!! One of the great things about these recording devices is that people get to leave personalized messages. In order to show you how interesting and different these personalized messages can be, we decided to telephone several famous people to find out what their answering messages are like. But since we couldn't get hold of their telephone numbers, and since long distance phone calls are expensive, we did what we usually do! Mainly we called in a writer who promptly made up all these

FAMOUS PE ANSWERING

Hello, my fellow American! This is ex-President Ford speaking! I'm sorry I can't come to the phone right now, but I'm either playing golf in Palm Springs . . . skiing in Vail . . . or falling down a flight of stairs somewhere! If you will please leave your name and your telephone number at the sound of the beep . . .

Hello! This is Congressman Milton Cowznofski! I'm busy right now, fashioning laws and molding doctrine that will affect the lives of all freedom-loving Americans! So please leave your name and number, and I'll try to call you back! However, if this is a dire emergency, try calling me at the Happy Hours Motel!

Hey, Turkey! So you finally learned how to dial a phone! Or did you reach me by mistake because you couldn't get your fat little fingers into the right holes? Yes, this is Don Rickles! Who'd you think it was, Zsa Zsa Gabor with a cold? You want to leave a message for me? Tough! Leave it where you usually leave messages . . . on the Bus Terminal Bathroom wall! Hey, what the hell am I doing this schtick for free for? If you want to hear more insults, call my agent and ask him where I'm appearing!

Hello! This is Jessica Lange! I bought this telephone answering machine because I just knew that after my appearance in "King Kong," my phone would be ringing off the hook with fabulous offers! So please leave your name and phone number, and I'll get back to you as soon as time permits! Probably within the next two minutes!

This is How-ard Co-sell, a man who took mere sportscasting and turned it into one of the fine arts! Obviously, I am not presiding at my abode at this particular place in time, but feel privileged to have the chance to hear my voice, pre-recorded as it is! There will be no beep or opportunity for you to leave a message, as listing my accomplishments for just this past month will more than fill the tape time allotted on this recording device. So sit back, relax . . .

This is Ralph Nader! Your call is being answered by a Fonebone K-11 Automatic Telephone Answering Machine which is truly a piece of junk! A couple of wires, a cheap recording head, and for that you pay \$250.00! If you'd like to join me in my crusade to make companies stop over-charging for inferior equipment, please leave your name and telephone number after the beep, and let's pray this overpriced hunk of trash records it properly!



OPLE'S TELEPHONE MACHINE MESSAGES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

This is Erica Jong! I don't answer my phone any more because I'm sick of people calling and criticizing me for my loose morals! However, if you're not going to go into that ridiculous nonsense, please leave your name and number! And if you're a man between the ages of 28 and 38, please leave a complete description of what you look like, and what you like to do . . . even the kinky stuff! Especially the kinky stuff . . . !!

FONEBONE K-11 AUTOMATIC

This is Billy Graham! I'm sorry I'm not in right now to help you with your problem, but perhaps God wanted me to be out! Perhaps He wanted me to be out so you could turn to Him for guidance, confident in the knowledge that He will never let you down! So why leave a message for me when you can talk directly to Him? And He's never out!

This is Danny Thomas! I hope you've been watching my TV series, "The Practice"—Wednesday nights on N.B.C.! By the way, in some areas, my original "Danny Thomas Show" is still being re-run by popular demand! But I'm not here to talk about humble me, or my humble talented daughter, Marlo Thomas, who made it all on her humble own! So at the sound of the beep, please leave your name and number . . . and why not a little pledge for my Saint Jude Hospital? Actually the hospital is all paid for, but we desperately need funds for a parking lot!

FONEBONE K-11 AUTOMATIC

Hello! This is Stanfield Turner, the head of the C.I.A.! I can't answer the phone right now because I'm out! Which doesn't make much difference anyway, because I wouldn't answer my phone if I were in! I know what can be done with wire taps and bugging devices! I will, however, have someone get back to you! Don't bother to leave your name and phone number! We know who you are already . . . because all calls coming into this office are traced automatically!

Hi! This is Bob Guccione, Editor and Publisher of "Penthouse Magazine." I can't come to the phone right now, and if you were doing what I'm doing, you wouldn't want to come to the phone either!

NECESSITY FOR THAT MOTHER DEPT.

INVENTIONS WE

FOR TAILGATERS WITH BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS ON ...



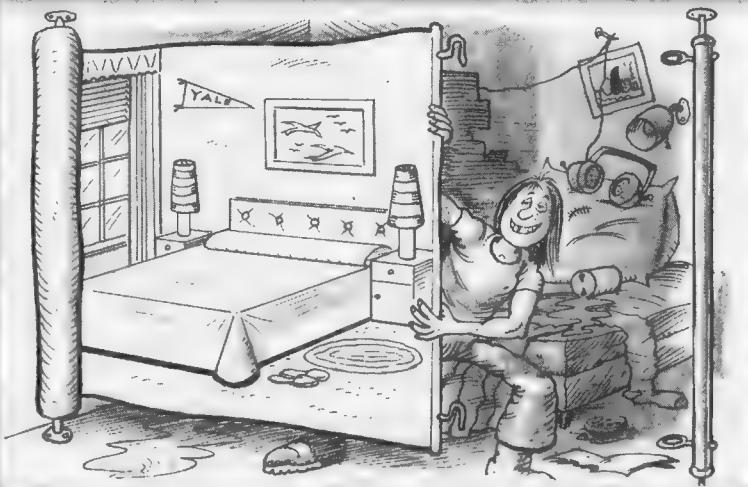
REAR-MOUNTED BRIGHT LIGHTS



FOR MESSY ROOMS THAT NEED QUICK CLEANINGS ...



INSTANT-NEAT SCREENS



FOR THAT HARD-TO-READ SMALL PRINT ...



STRETCHABLE PAPER



'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

FOR THOSE LIP-AND-TONGUE-SCALDING BEVERAGES ...



THERMOMETER WARNING SPOONS



FOR PEOPLE WHO FORGET GALOSHES IN WET WEATHER ...



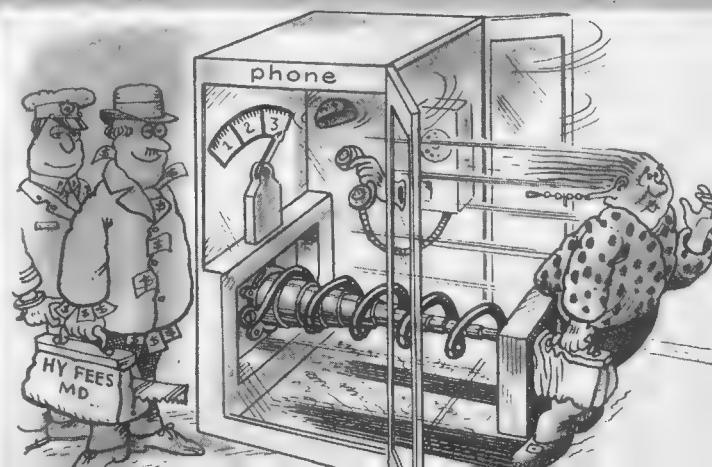
BUILT-IN PUDDLE CROSSERS



FOR MONOPOLIZED PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTHS ...



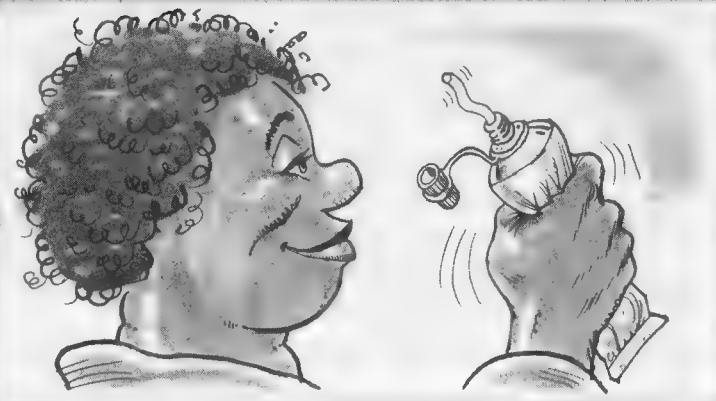
THREE-MINUTE TIMED EJECTORS



FOR THOSE ELUSIVE, DISAPPEARING TUBE TOPS ...



TOOTHPASTE TUBE TOP GUARDS



FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE HAVING THEIR FOOD TASTED ...



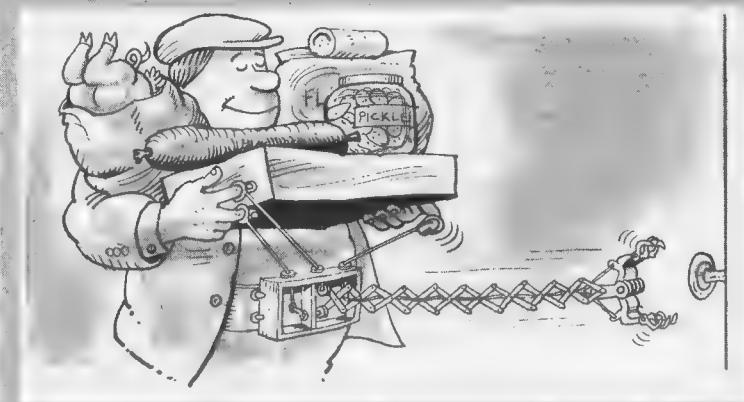
SAMPLE-PROOF PLATES



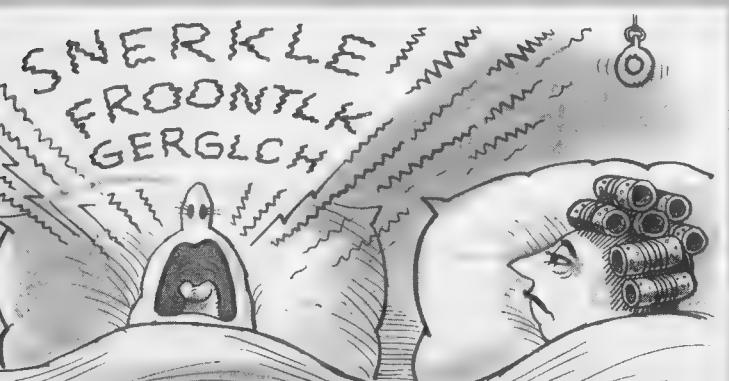
FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SELF-SLAMMING DOORS ...



EXTENDING THIRD-ARM DOOR-HOLDERS



FOR PEOPLE CURSED WITH NOISY SLEEP MATES ...



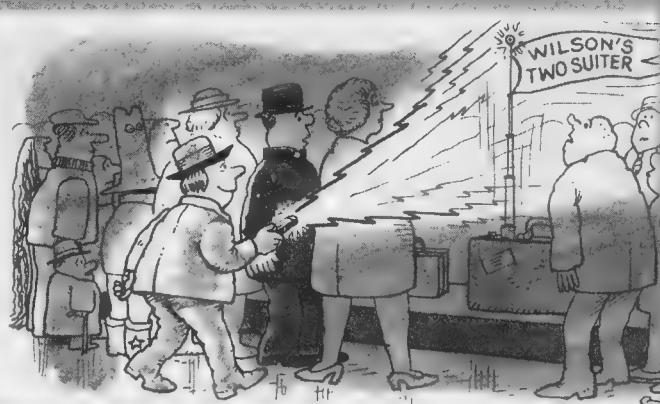
SOUND-PROOF ISOLATION BELLS



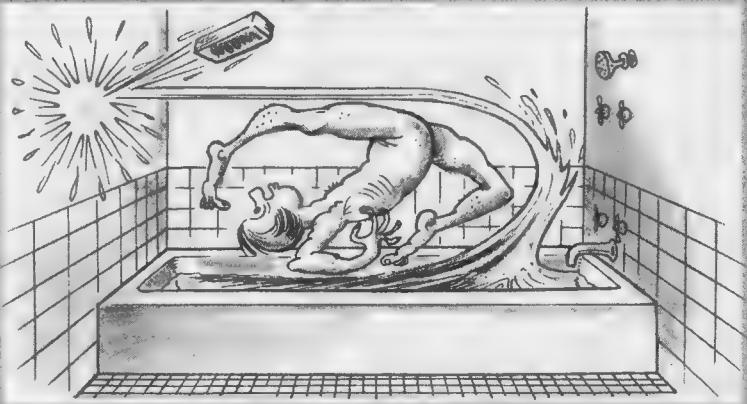
FOR CROWDED AIRLINE BAGGAGE PICK-UP AREAS . . .



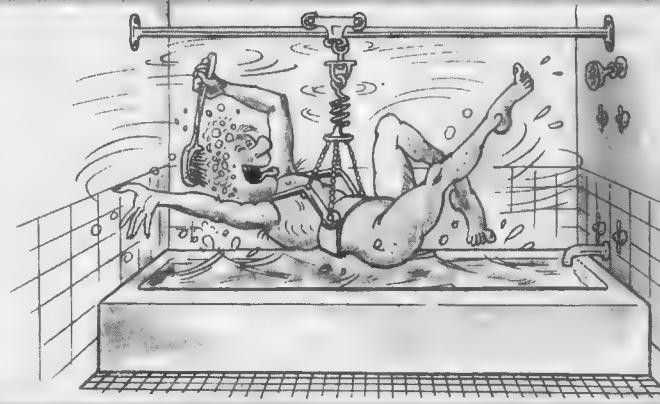
REMOTE-CONTROLLED LUGGAGE-IDENTIFIERS



FOR ACCIDENT-PRONE BATHERS . . .



SLIP-PROOF SAFETY HARNESSES WITH OVERHEAD TRACKS



FOR CHRONIC UMBRELLA-MISPLACERS . . .



PERSONAL PORT-A-BRELLA SCABBARDS



FOR UNDERAGE "R" AND "X"-RATED MOVIE GOERS . . .



INSTANT AGING KITS



YOU DON'T GIVE OTHER PEOPLE

ARTIST: BOB JONES



... you wear T-shirts that don't have idiotic slogans or pictures on them.



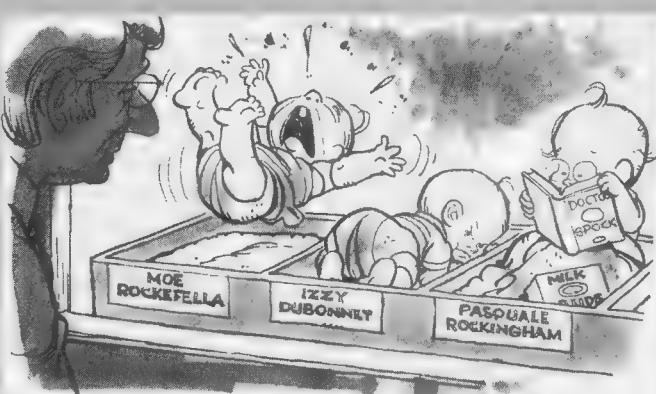
... you're a Producer and you make a movie that takes place *after* 1947.



... you buy a fantastically revealing swim suit . . . and actually *swim* in it.



... you take a trip to Hollywood and you don't stop once to take pictures in front of Lucille Ball's house (or ring her bell and ask for an autographed picture for your Aunt).



... you give your new baby a good old-fashioned ethnic name like Moe or Izzy or Pasquale, instead of today's usual crop like Lance or Ian or Craig or Charlemagne.



... you show up at the ridiculous hour of 8:30 P.M., even though the party invitation clearly states you are *expected* at 8:30 P.M.



... you date a Stewardess . . . and admit to your friends the next day that you didn't make out.

A %#*&!*? WHAT THINK WHEN...

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL IDEA BY: MARC BIL GREY



... you own a car without a bumper sticker.



... you hire a *White* player for your Pro Basketball Team.



... you buy yourself a pet dog instead of a pet ocelot, or pet monkey, or pet snake or pet rock.



... you have crooked teeth, and you refuse to have braces put on them.



... you have a freshly-paved sidewalk in front of your house with no initials scratched in it.



... you hobble around on a broken leg in a cast with no funny messages by your friends written all over it.



... you admit to the Newsdealer you buy MAD for yourself ... and not for some fictitious 12-year-old idiot nephew.

Son, this is a competitive society you're growing up in! So remember the rules!

"A winner never QUILTS, and a quitter never WINS"!

"Show me a good loser, and I'll show you a LOSER"!

"Winning isn't everything . . . it's the ONLY thing!"

Now do you understand about winning, my boy?

I sure do, Dad!

If they were running a contest of Hackneyed Cliches . . . YOU'D WIN!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

WE WANT RIMSHAW!
WE WANT RIMSHAW!
WE WANT RIMSHAW!

Hey, you!
Rimshaw!!

Yeah, Coach!
Yeah . . .

You sure got a lot of fans in
the stands, yelling for you!!

Yeah, Coach! Yeah . . .

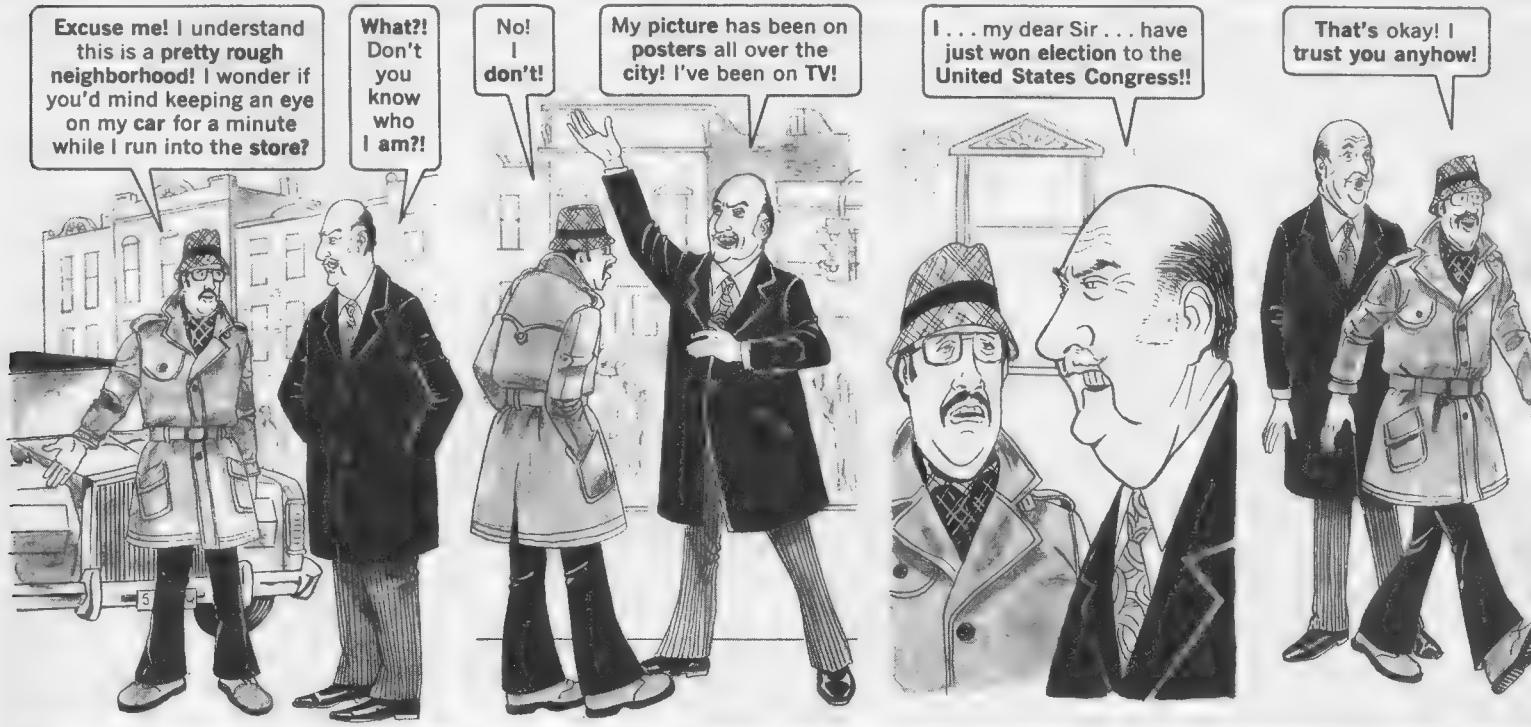
Well, go up there and see
what the hell they want!!

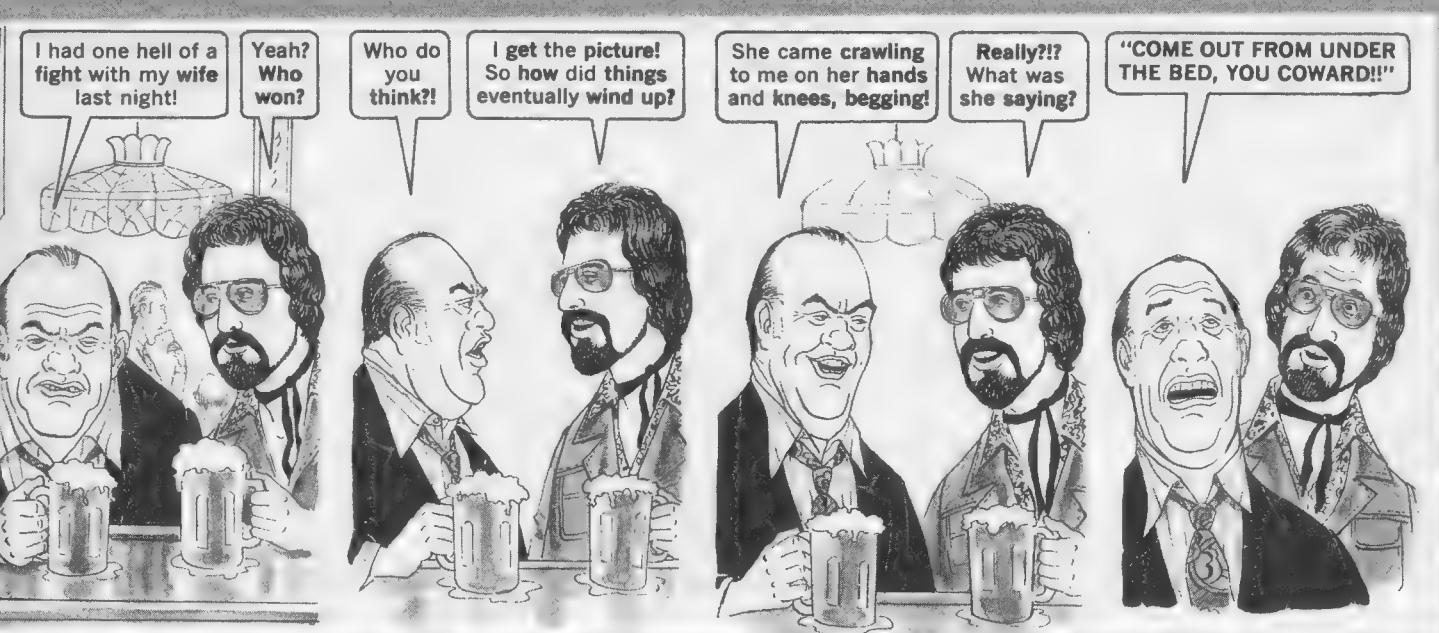
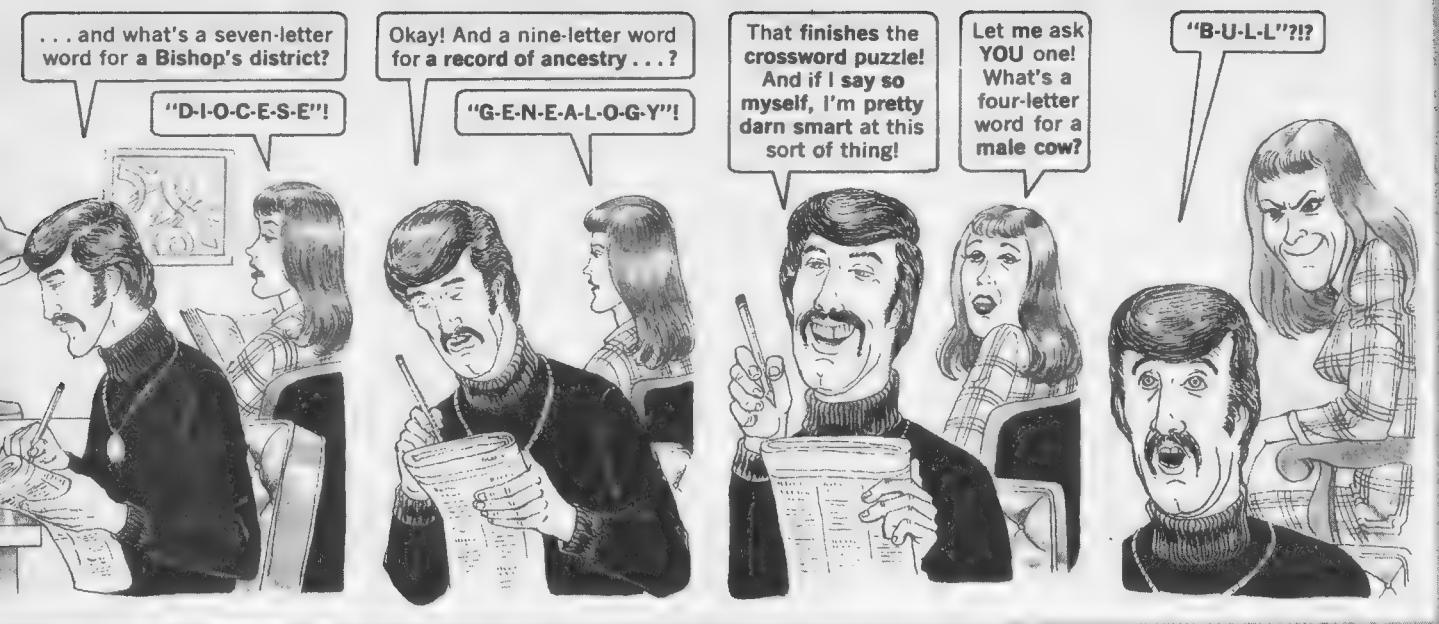


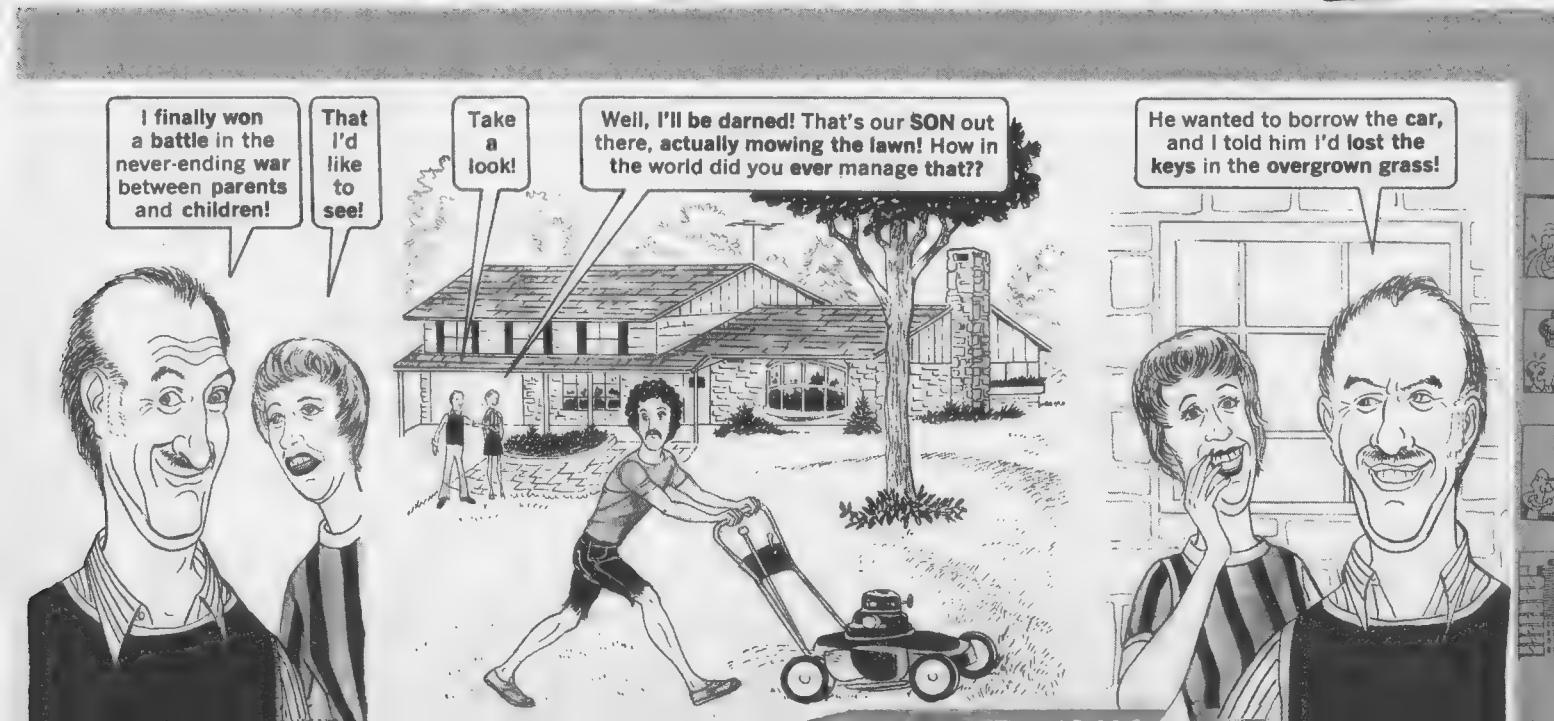
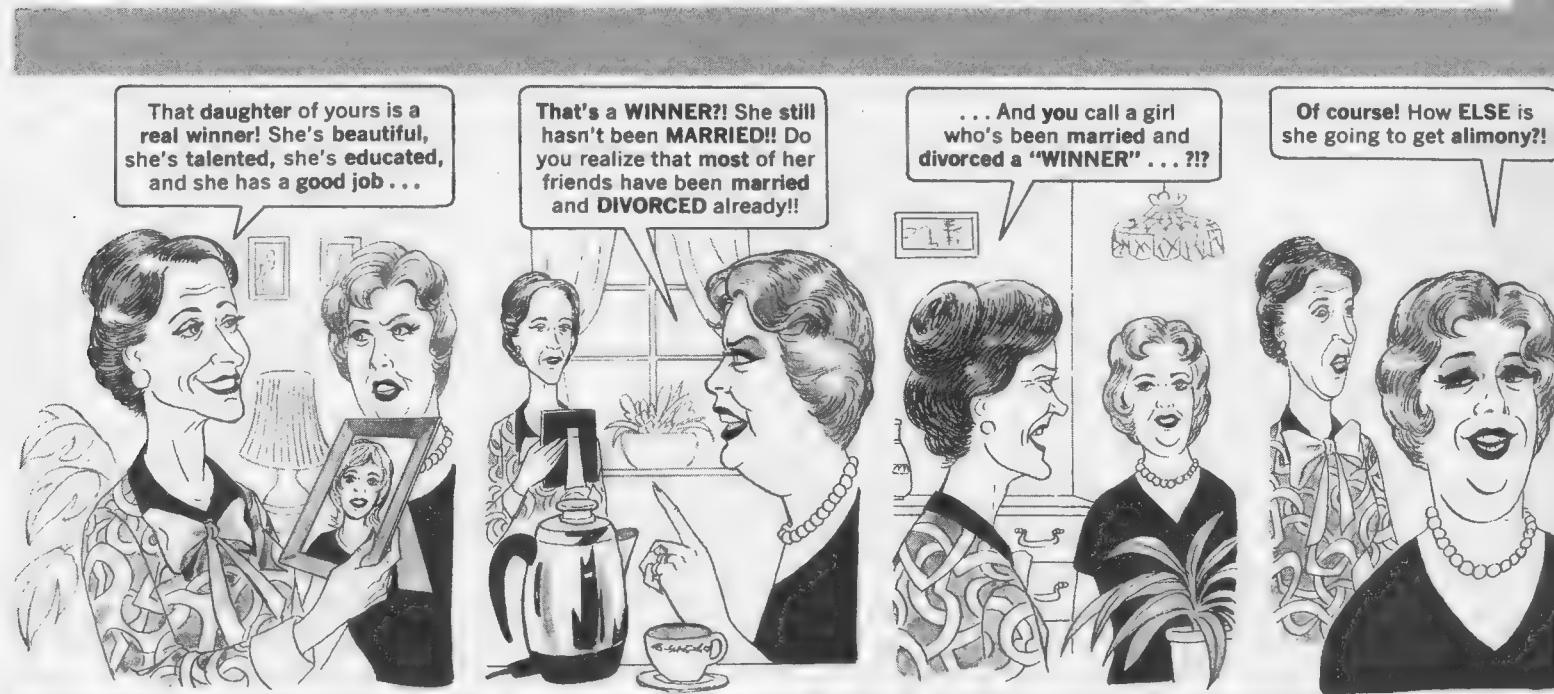
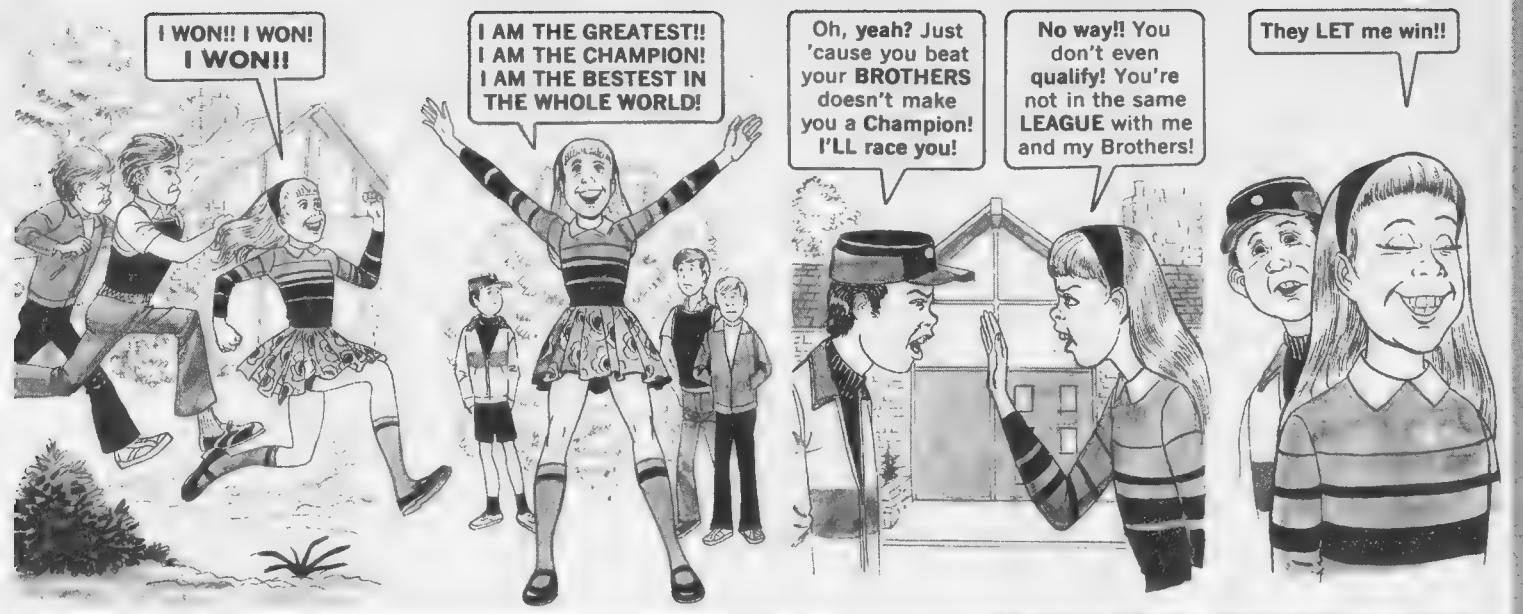


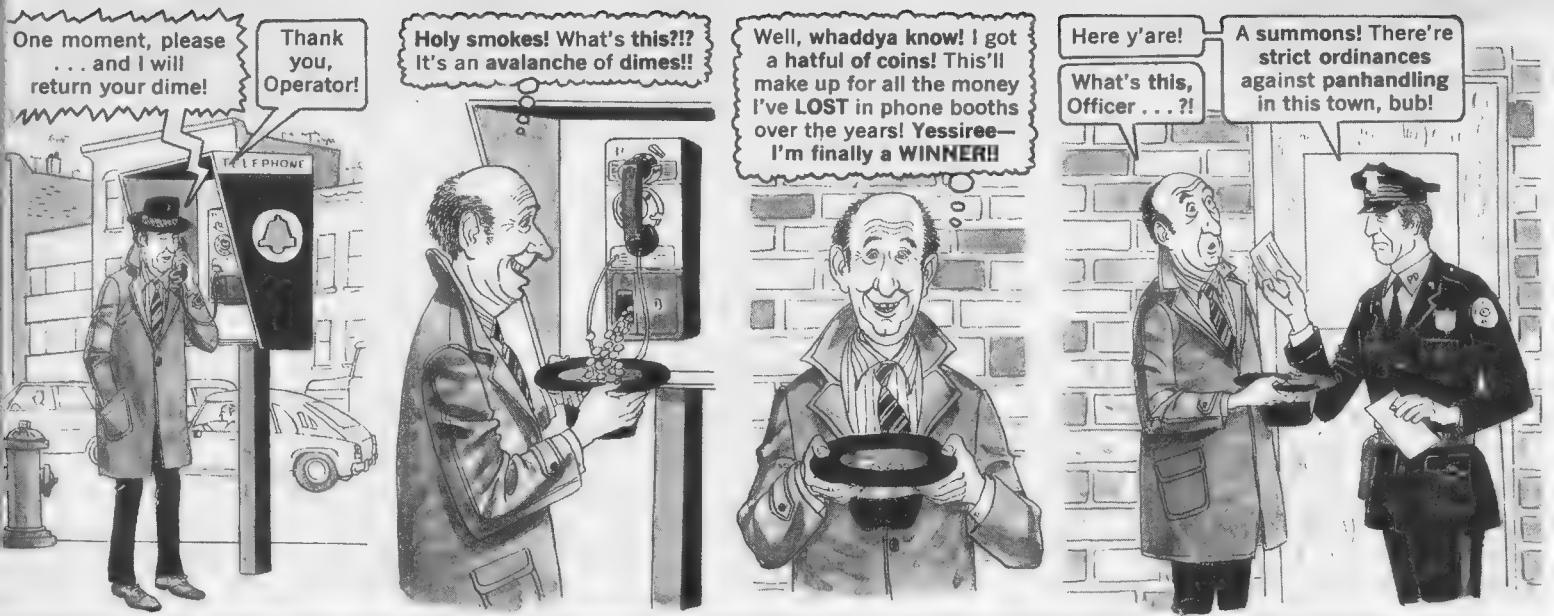
NING

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

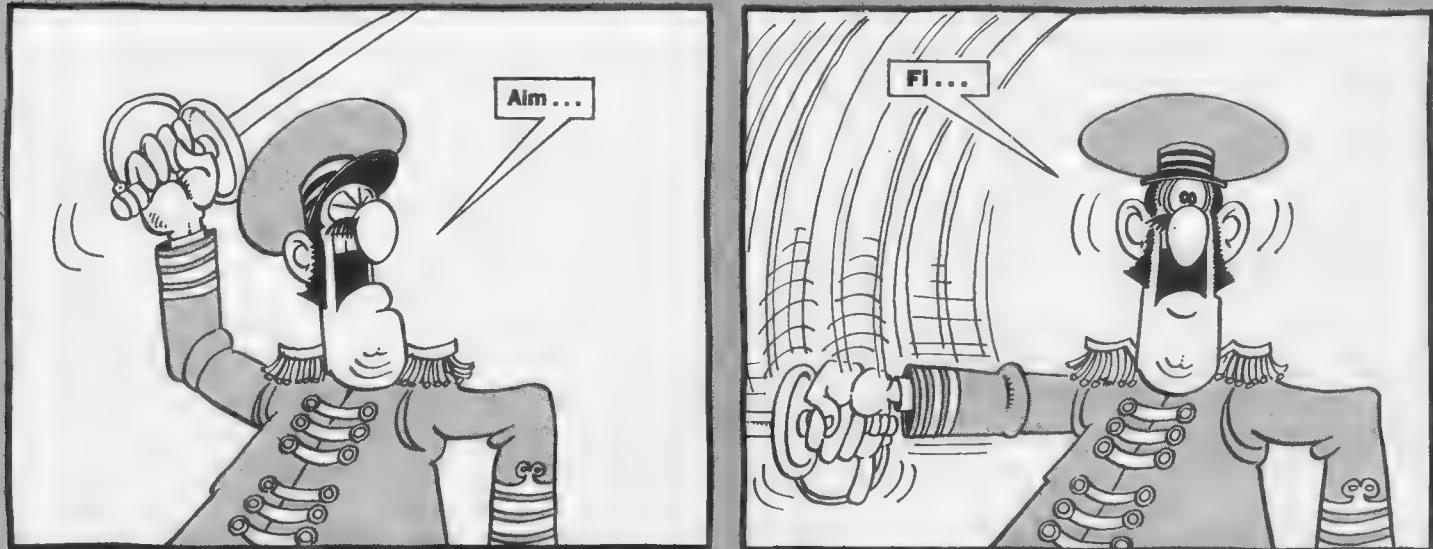
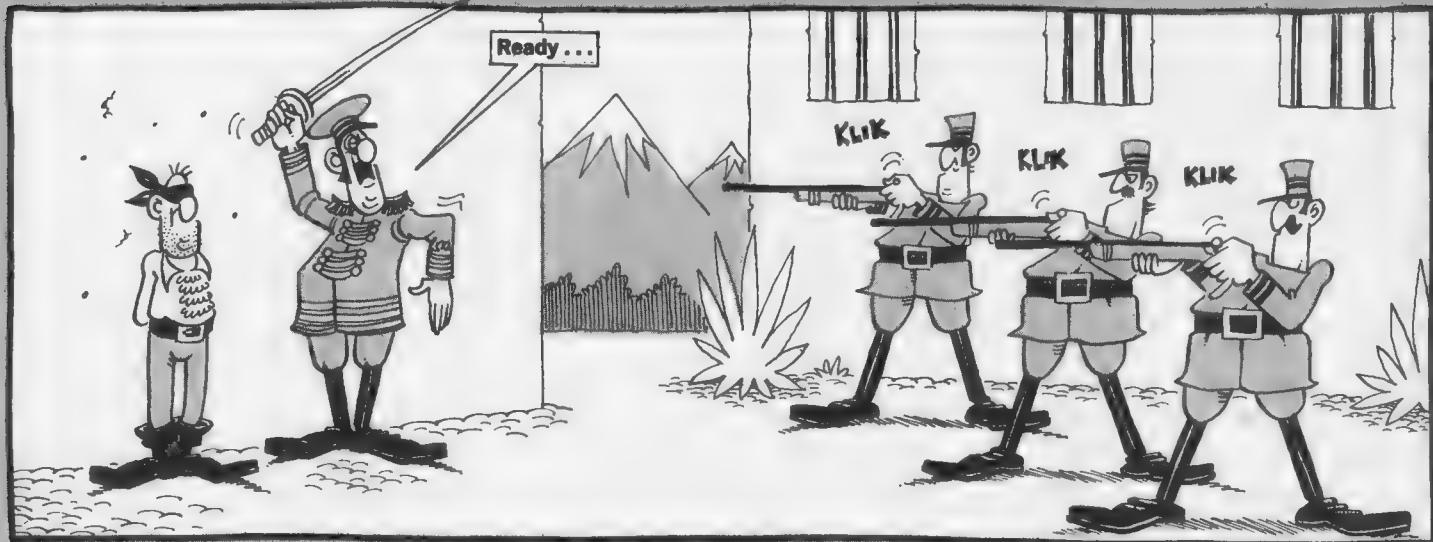






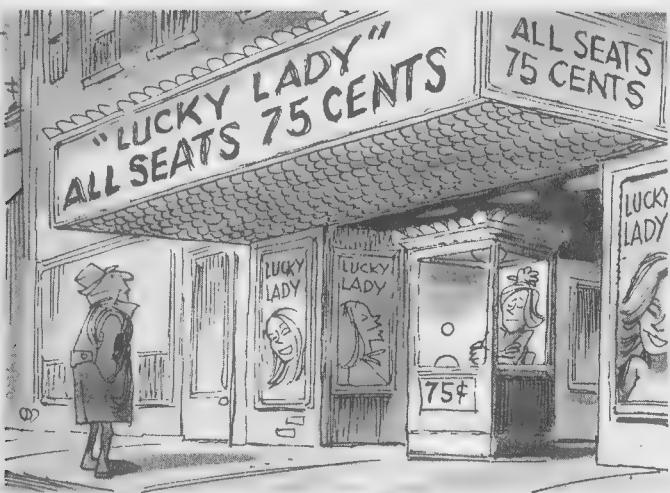


EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



...theaters that raise prices when they show biggies like "The Godfather" cut prices when they show a bomb.



... those radicals who sneer at the Establishment make it on their own without food stamps, welfare or ripping off people.



... the money donated to charities goes to the charities instead of the fund-raisers.



... a President doesn't spend the last two years of his term running for re-election.



... a Club Owner fires all 25 players and keeps the Manager.



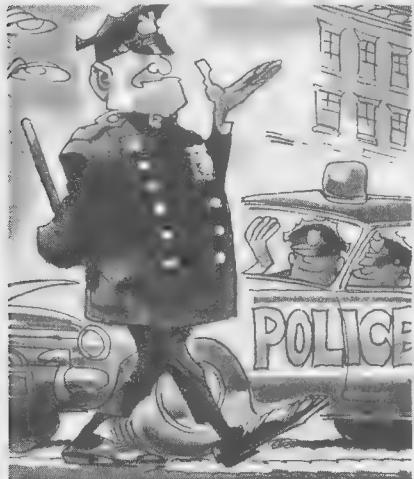
... it's illegal for relatives of any politician to be on government payrolls.



... a person has to pass a test and get a license to own a gun just like he does to drive a car or get married or any other dangerous undertaking.

THE DAY WHEN...

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE



...there are as many cops on our streets as there are on our TV's.



...politicians who break the law are treated like any other crooks.



...mail service improves instead of getting worse every time they raise postage rates.



...the head of a municipal union announces that his men will take a cut in pay to help a city that's going broke.



...the coach of a "football factory" turns down a bowl bid because his players have already missed too many classes.



...the people have a right to vote on the pay raises and gravy train benefits of their elected officials.



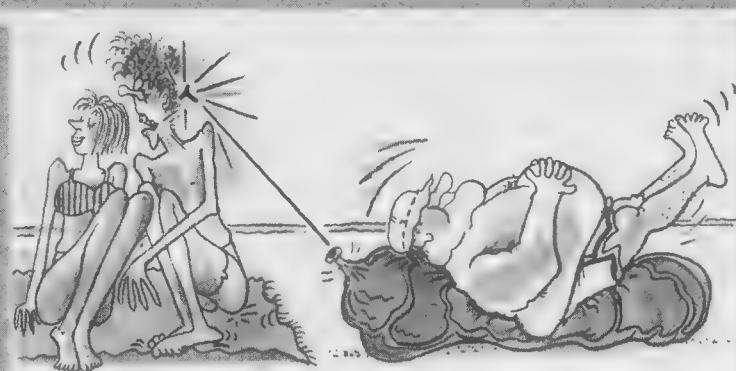
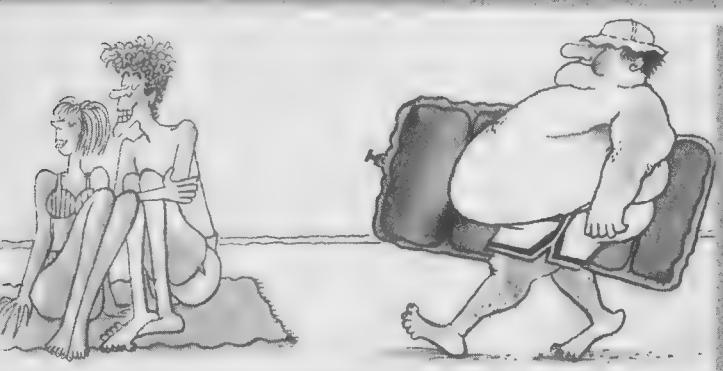
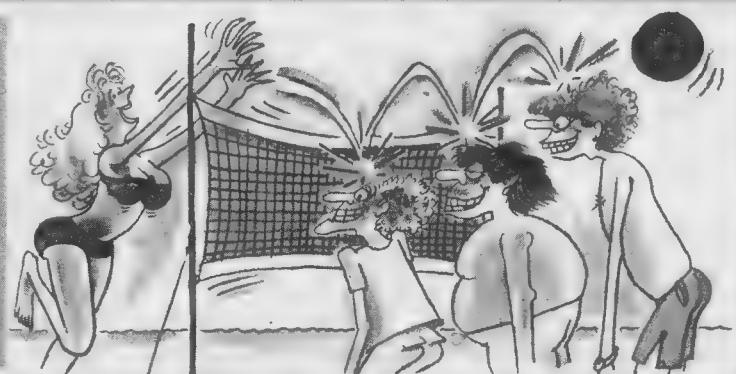
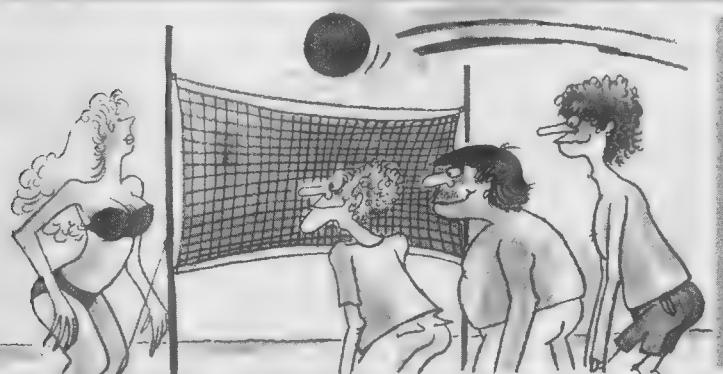
...the companies that make millions selling pet food donate some of that bread to help feed and shelter homeless animals.

BEACH NUTS DEPT.

AMAD LOOK A



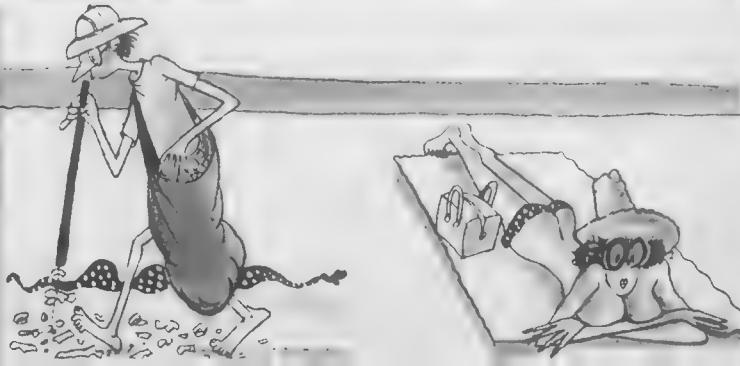
ARTIST & WRITER:



AT SUN 'N' SURF



PAUL PETER PORGES



HERE IS YOUR SUPER SPECIAL BONUS...

SERGIO ARAGONES'S FULL-COLOR, ILLUSTRATED MAD MAP OF THE U.S.A.

GUESS IN WHICH STATE THEY HAVE...



... A CONTEST TO SEE WHO CAN CAPTURE
THE LARGEST AND MOST RATTLESNAKES

... A PARK WHERE, FOR
A SMALL FEE, YOU CAN
SEARCH FOR DIAMONDS

... A RACE FOR MINERS
AND PACK BURROS

... THE SITE WHERE BONNIE
AND CLYDE WHERE GUNNED DOWN
BY A SHERIFF'S POSSE IN '34

... THE CANYON WHERE
EVEL KNIEVEL MADE AN
ASS OF HIMSELF TRYING
TO JUMP ACROSS IT IN
A ROCKET-POWERED BIKE

... THE
GEOGRAPHIC
CENTER OF
U.S.A.

... THE
TOWN OF
"DOGPATCH"

... A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON
THAT HOLDS AN ANNUAL "RODEO"

... KATCHINA DOLLS, THE LARGEST
METEOR CRATER IN THE U.S.A., A
PETRIFIED FOREST, AND A PYRAMID

... THE WORLD'S
LARGEST COFFEE
POT, AND THE WORLD'S
LARGEST BULL STATUE

... AN "ANIMAL
TRACK MUSEUM"

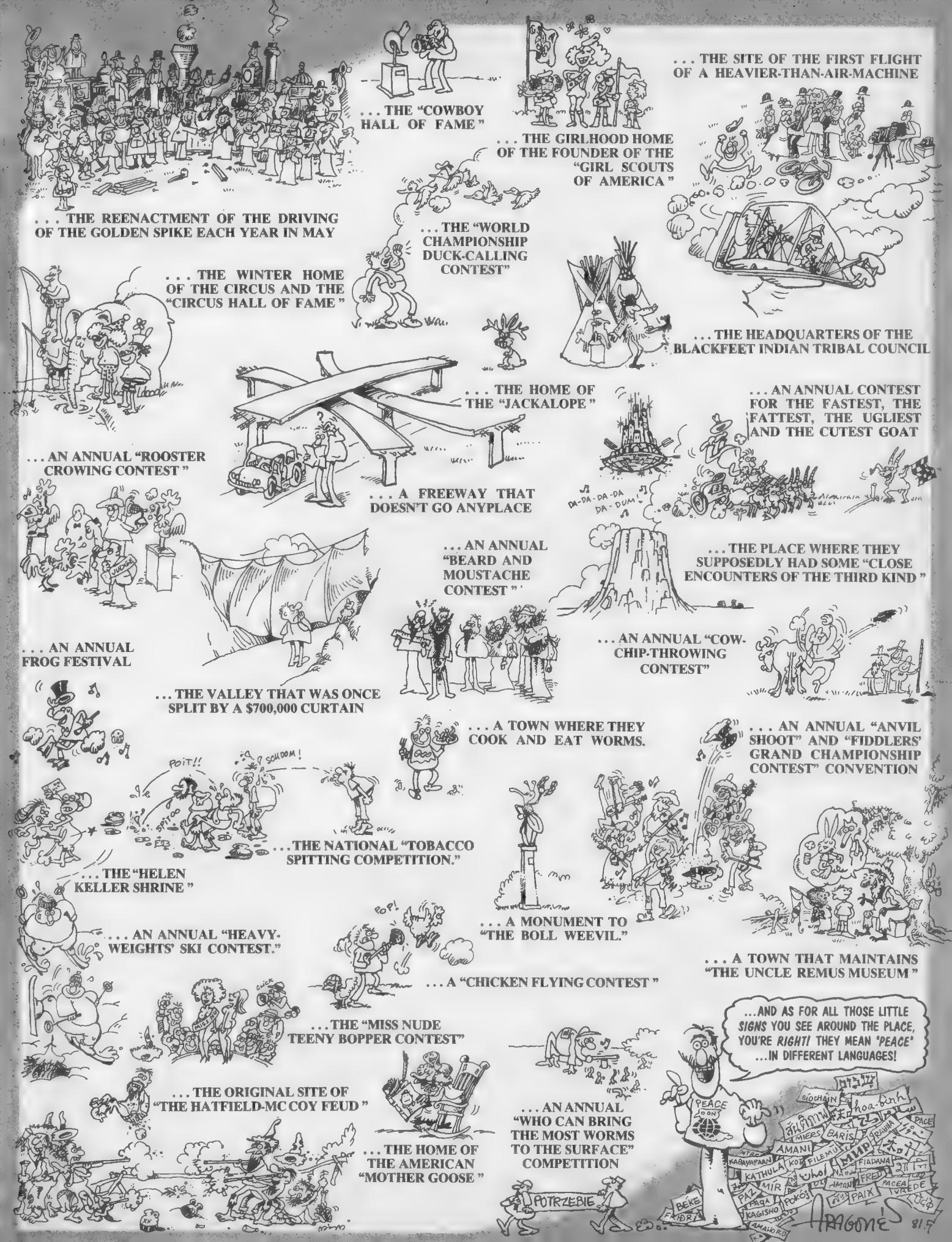
... A PRIVATE CEMETERY WHERE 10
CADILLACS ARE BURIED, FACE DOWN

... AN ANNUAL
"HOBO CONVENTION"
INCLUDING AN ART
SHOW AND PARADE

... THE APPALOOSA HORSE CLUB
HEADQUARTERS AND MUSEUM

... ANNUAL
"BANANA
FESTIVAL"
WITH A
ONE-TON
BANANA
PUDDING

... AN INTERNATIONAL
STONE SKIPPING CONTEST



A STAR IS SHORN DEPT.

Have you ever taken a real good look at some of today's big "glamorous sex symbol" stars? Many of them aren't really that "glamorous" or "sexy."

IF TODAY'S SEX SYMBOLS

THE WAY IT IS...



THE WAY IT WOULD BE...



THE WAY IT IS...



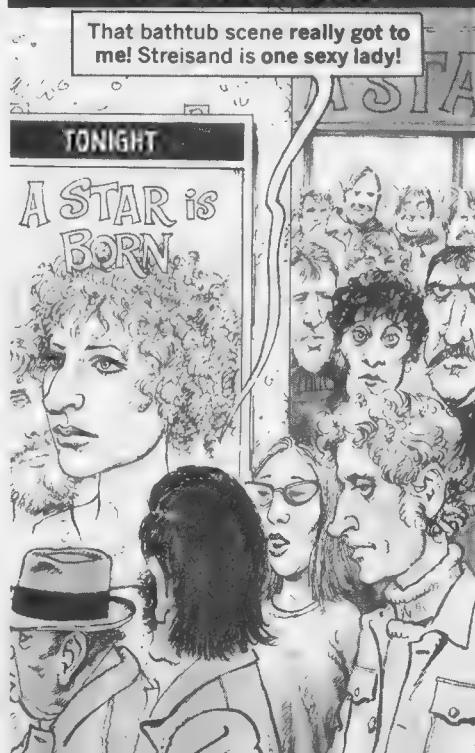
THE WAY IT IS...



THE WAY IT WOULD BE...



THE WAY IT IS...



Actually, they're merely products of their various Studios' or Networks' Publicity Departments. Which got us to wondering what it would be like



WEREN'T IN SHOW BIZ

THE WAY IT WOULD BE...

In the future, Mrs. Allman . . . please wear a top that covers your navel! Our customers are losing their appetites!



THE WAY IT WOULD BE...

Mr. J . . . TELEPHONE . . .

Your new secretary with the big mouth is one broad your wife doesn't have to worry about your fooling around with!

Forget it! Her NOSE would get in the way!



THE WAY IT IS...

And now, here's Alice Cooper!

Oh, my God! Yiii!

Hey! Is there a doctor around? This chick just fainted!



THE WAY IT WOULD BE...

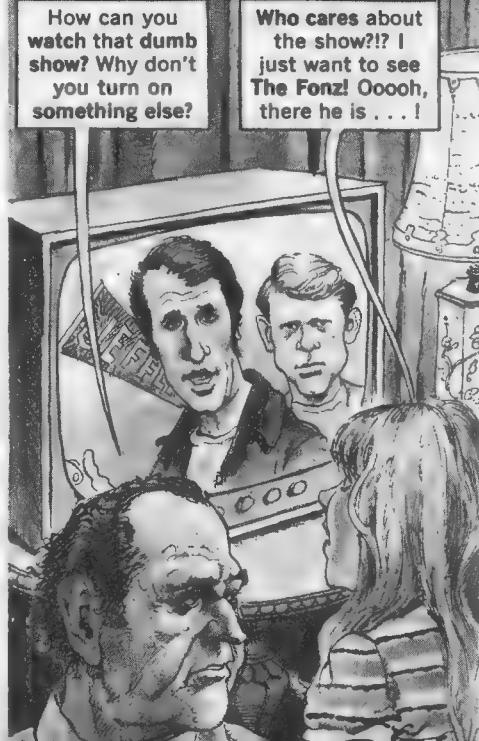
Daddy, you gotta help me! My blind date just showed up! I can't go out with that weirdo! Tell him I'm sick or something!!



THE WAY IT IS...

How can you watch that dumb show? Why don't you turn on something else?

Who cares about the show?!? I just want to see The Fonz! Ooooh, there he is . . . !



THE WAY IT WOULD BE...

I hate getting gas here! I can't stand that creep mechanic with the greasy hair who thinks he's a great lover!



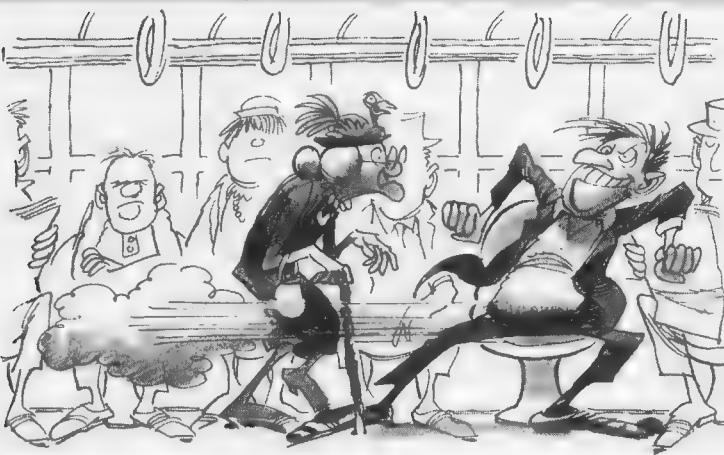
REVENGE IS MIME DEPT.

ZAPPY ENDINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

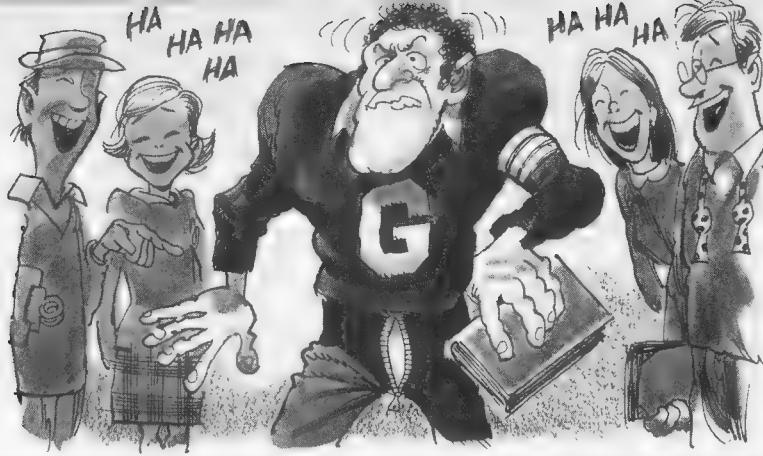
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES









ONE TUESDAY MORNING ON MAIN STREET

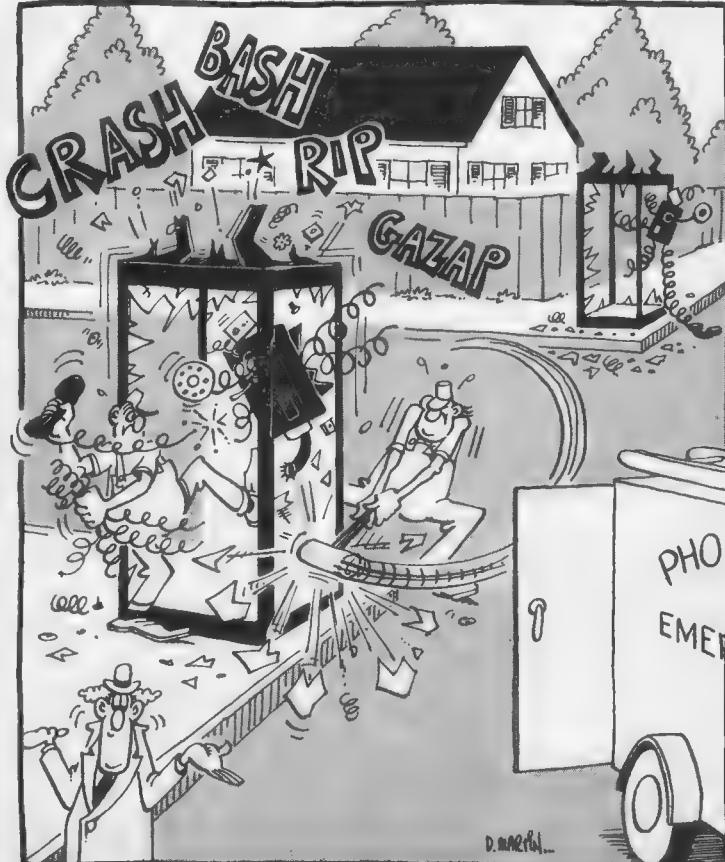
Hello, Operator... I want to report a pay phone out of order on the northwest corner of 15th Street and Main!

... and where are you calling from, Sir...?



I'm calling from another pay phone... on the northEAST corner of 15th Street and Main... just across the street!

Thank you, Sir! Our Emergency Truck is on its way!



A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN DEPT.

Recently, there has been an alarming upsurge of **weird behavior** among a group of our young people! We mean **real funky stuff**, like **being polite** and getting **short haircuts** and wearing **clean, neat clothes**! Naturally the **parents** of these youngsters are **worried**! And so, as a public service, MAD now investigates the man who is **responsible** for this freaky behavior, the head of The Loonification Church, the Reverend Sun Set Loony, who has been named . . .

MAD'S "RELIGIOUS CULT LEADER" OF THE YEAR

Reverend Loony . . . I'm Mike Malice . . . for MAD Magazine! They've asked me to conduct an "In-Depth Interview" with you, so—

Say, this is some fantastic place you have here! What do you call it . . . SAN SIMEON EAST??

I call it "THE GARDEN OF EDEN"! Would you care for an apple?

No, thanks! Y'know . . . I always thought that Religious Leaders lived—er—SIMPLY!

You thought wrong! Why shouldn't I live as comfortably as a Rock Star or a crooked ex-President? Do you know that it is written: "The New Messiah shall come from Korea . . . he shall be five-foot-two-inches tall . . . have dark hair and eyes . . . and be born under the sign of Taurus The Bull . . ." which happens to be **MY SIGN**!??

No, where is that written?

In my book, "THE WIT AND WISDOM OF REVEREND LOONY, THE NEW MESSIAH"!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

You haven't read my book? It usually sells for \$5.95, but we're having a **SPECIAL SALE** this week! For \$5.95, you get my book **PLUS** this Volume of **Authentic Golden Oldie Korean Hymns** —including such favorites as "Let's All Gather At The Bank Vault" —**PLUS** "The Korean CIA Handbook On How To Buy Friends And Influence People" . . . AND this real collectors' item, the "Reverend Loony Superstar Tee Shirt"!

Reverend Loony . . . if you ever decide to leave the Religion Business, you have a great future on Madison Avenue . . . !

Tell, me, sir! Why did you come to the U.S.?

I was in my garden one day when I received a message!

A Divine Message from God?

No, it was a Mailgram from my Accountant! He explained that "Religious Organizations" do not have to pay **TAXES** in the U.S.! So I packed my carpetbag and here I am! And it's a **good** thing I CAME to your country!

Why? Because there are so many Americans who need salvation?

No, because there are so many dumb suckers who are willing to pay \$2.00 for a box of lousy candy that costs me 23 cents!



Is it true
that you
only have
2000 church
members in
the U.S.?

Allow me to quote a great wise leader who once
said, "It is better to have 2000 followers and
250 million dollars in the bank than to have 250
million followers and 2000 dollars in the bank!"

What wise leader said that?

Richard Nixon!



Then you're
satisfied
with the
small number
of converts
you've been
getting?

If YOU were the
head of a Church,
would you rather
win the heart and
brain of a man
... or his purse?

His heart and brain!
Boy, are you stupid!
What good is a heart
and brain... unless
you're a DOCTOR
FRANKENSTEIN!!



Tell me,
Reverend,
how do
you get
your new
recruits?

Simple! We run ADS in college
newspapers, saying that we are
seeking people who want to do
their bit for the Ecology ...
or want to better Mankind ...

But... isn't
that false
advertising?
Is there any
other kind??

What
happens
when young
people
ANSWER
your ads?

We start
by having
"Rap
Sessions"
like this
one ...

Loony ...
Loony ...
LOONY ...
LOONY!

Loony
is the
Master!
You will
obey the
Master!

Loony
is your
mind!
Loony
is your
brain!

You will
give us
the plans,
Yank ...
or you
will DIE!



But... but isn't that BRAINWASHING?

I am only a poor Oriental! What
do I know of such things? Come!
I will let you speak to some of
my Zombies—I mean LOONIES ...
and you'll see for yourself that
they have not been brainwashed!

Have you been
subjected to
any form of
mind control?

We joined
the Master
of our own
free will!

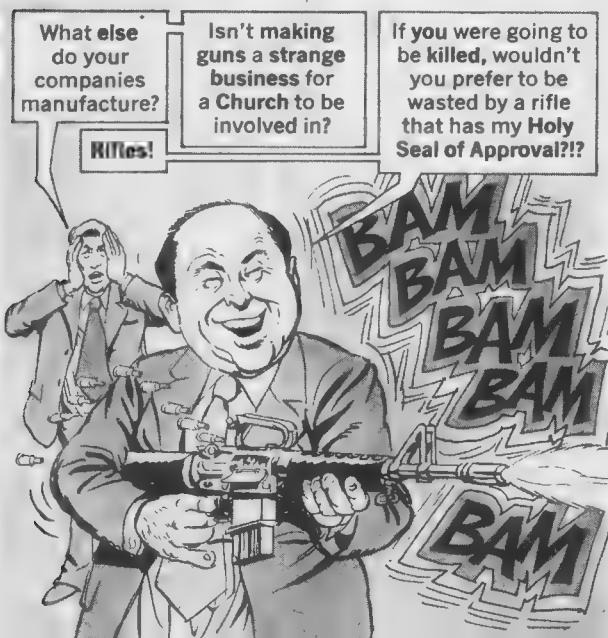
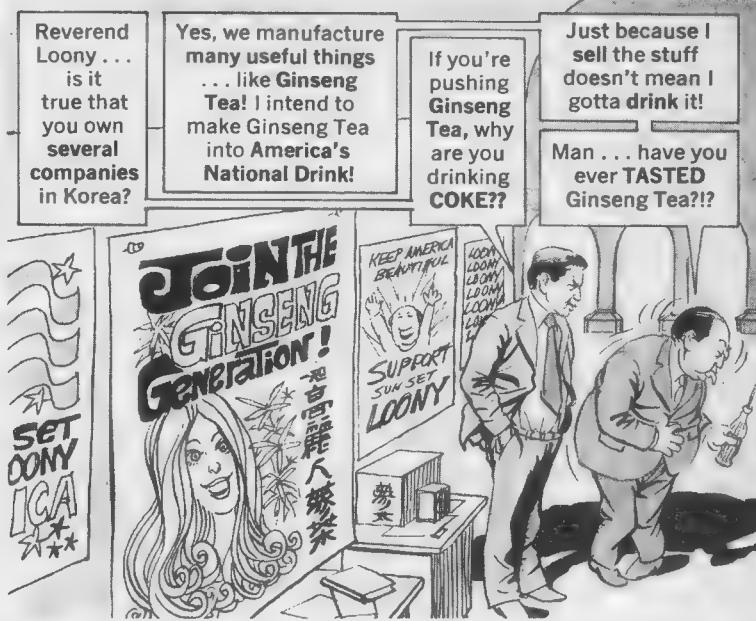
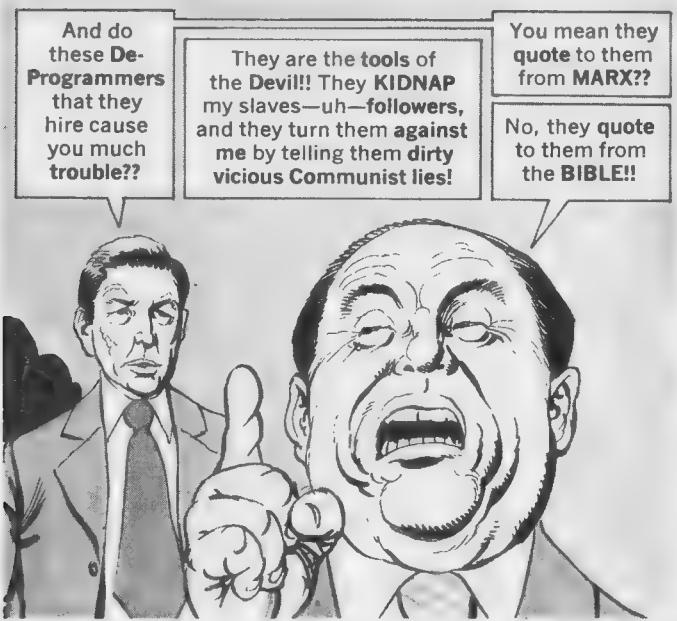
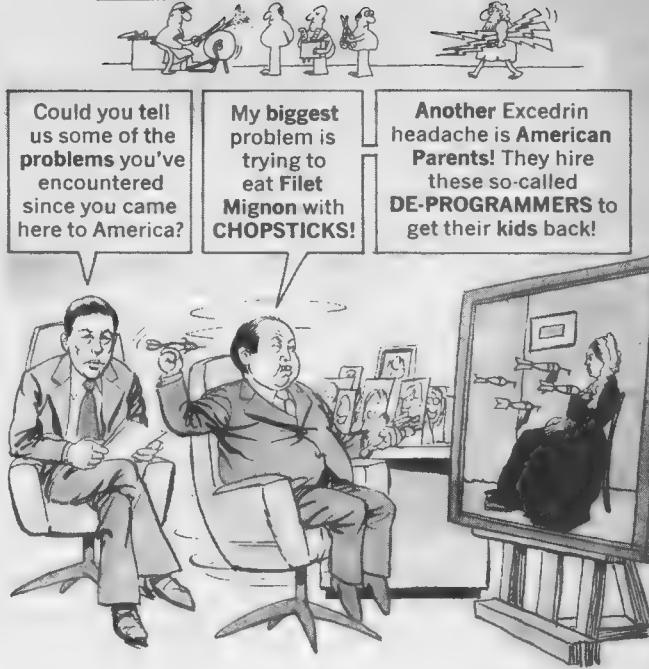
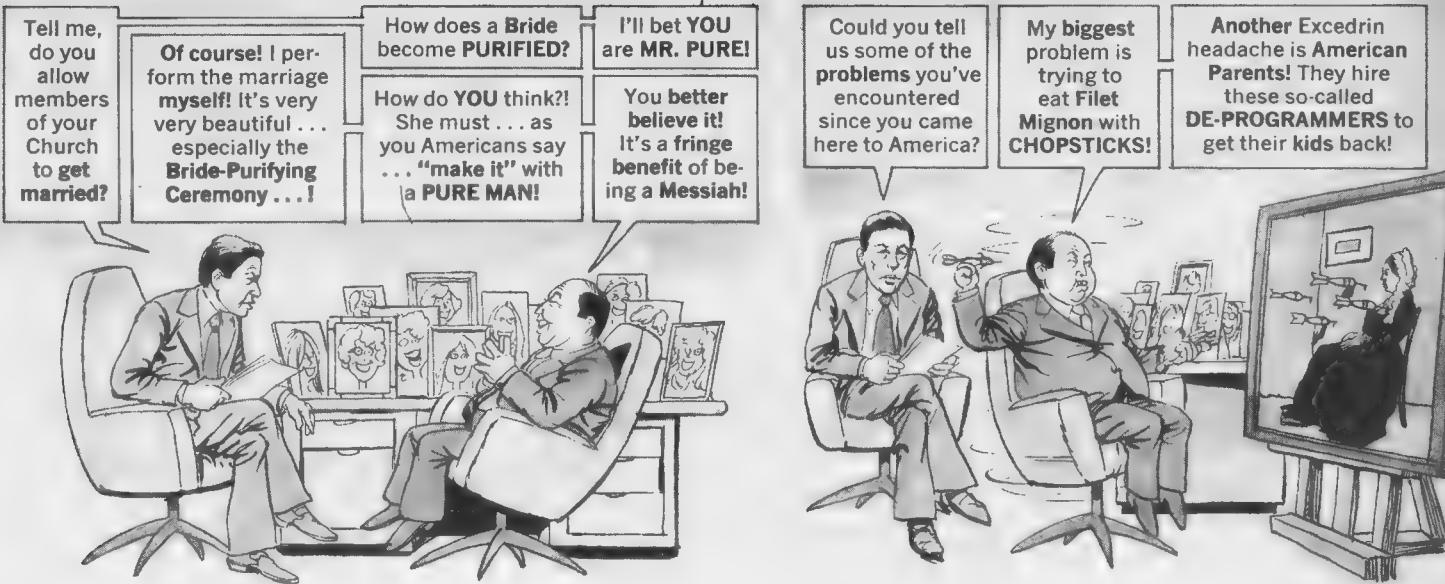
Master
—good!
Parents
—finks!

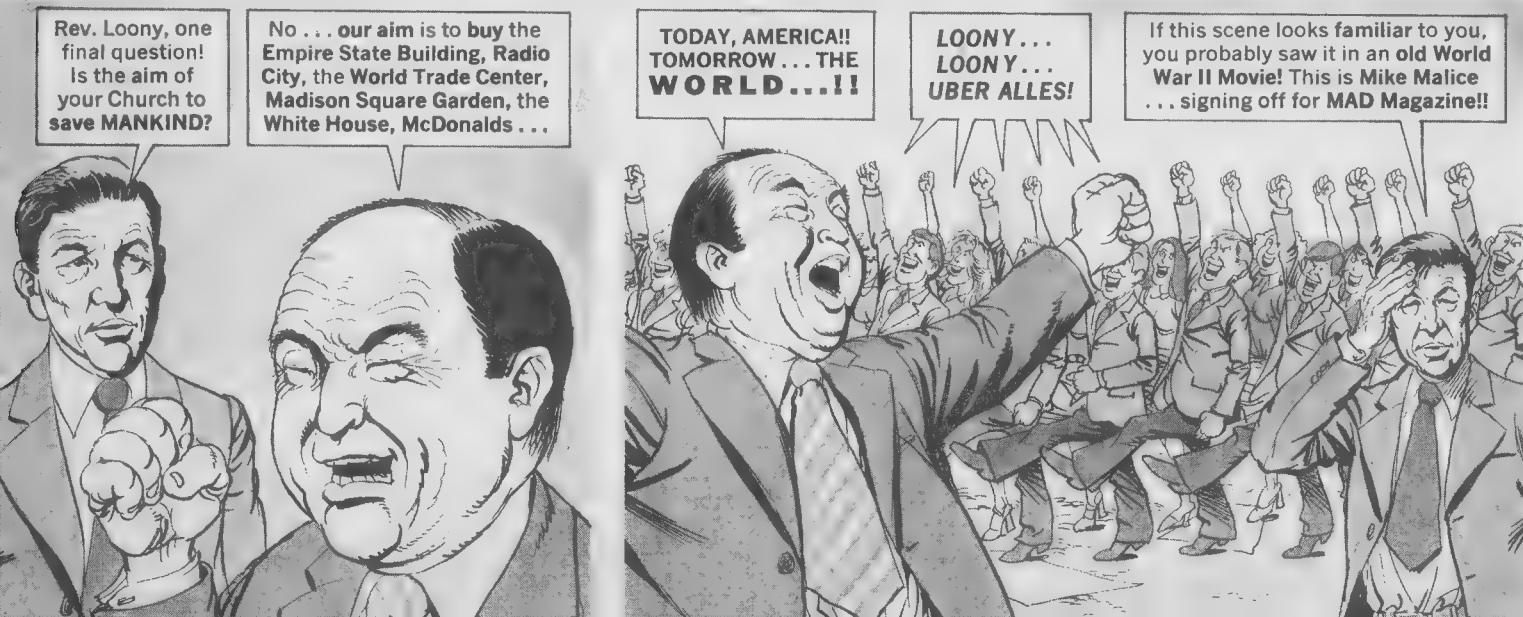
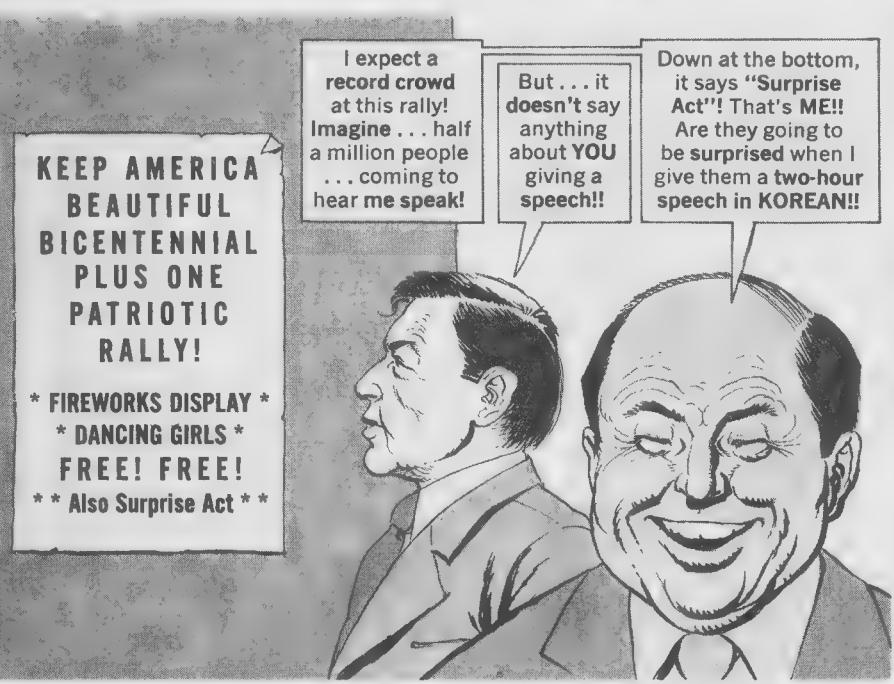
Candy! Flowers!
Candles! Please!
Won't you help
the poor orphans?
Candy! Flowers!
Candles ...

Do the proceeds from
your street sales
really go to orphans?

Why, of course!
I'M an orphan!!







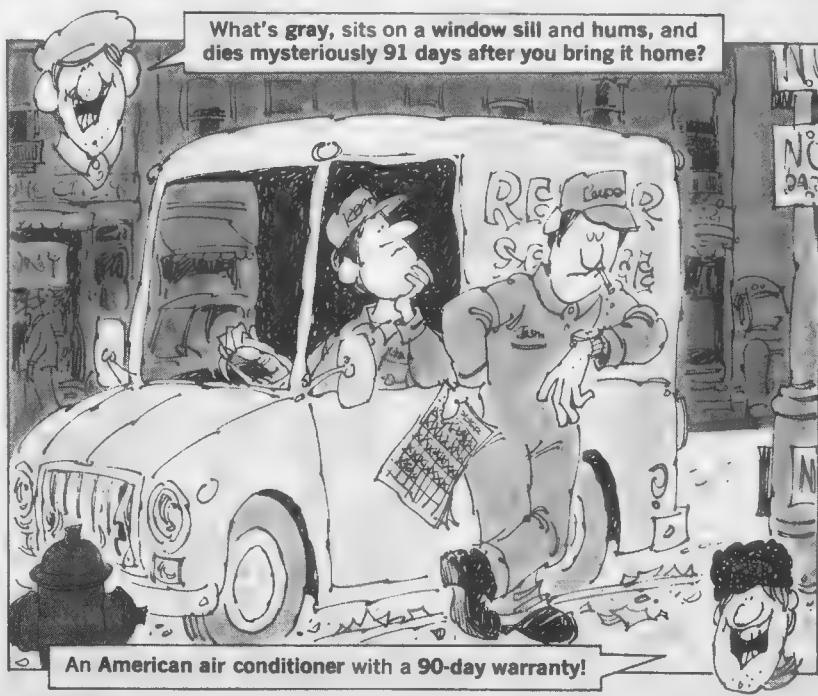
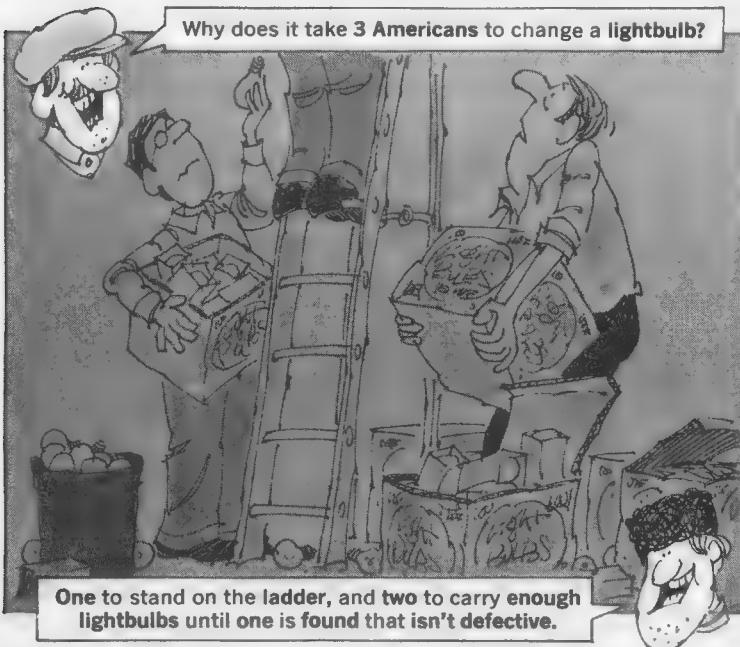
THE JOKE'S ON U.S. DEPT.

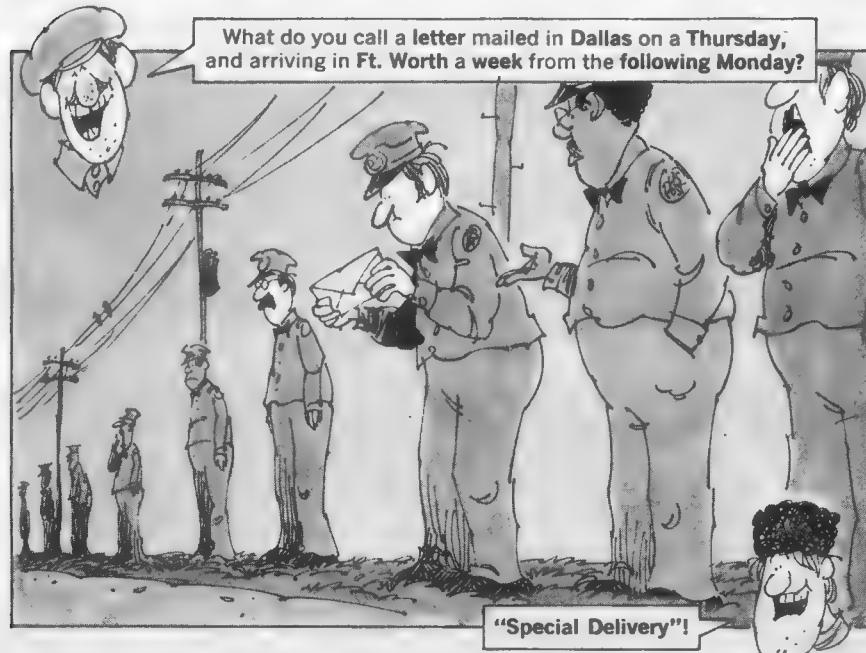
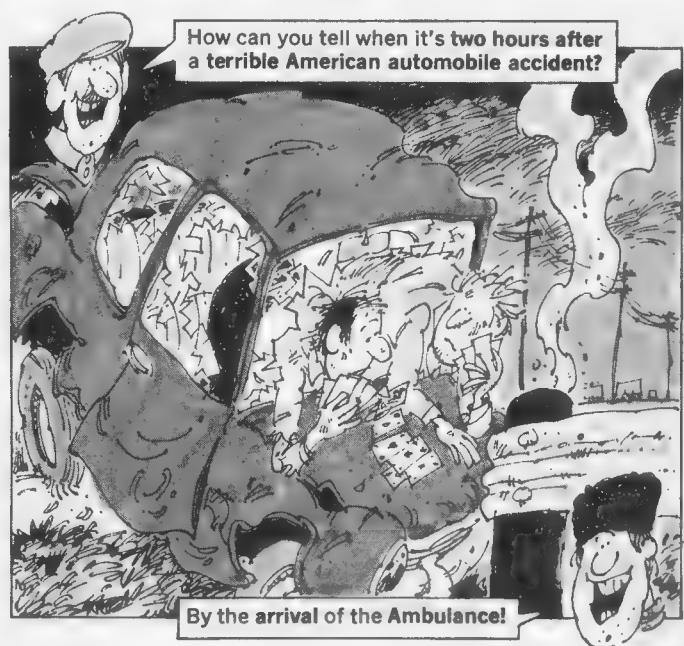
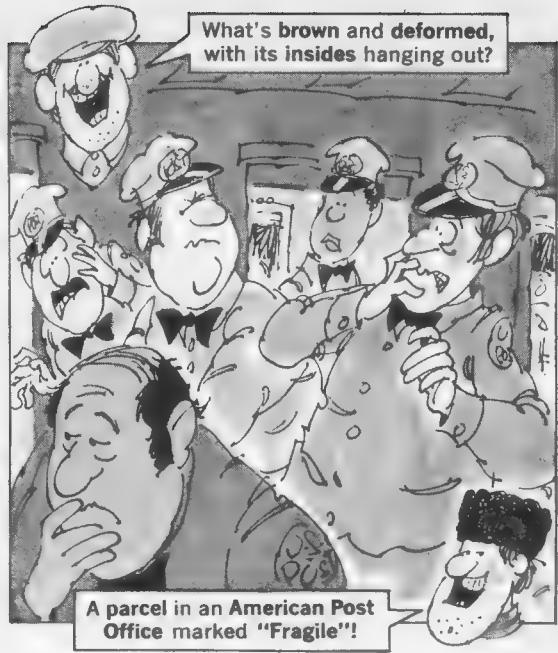
Okay, all you clods out there! So you think those "Polish Jokes" that you've been telling are hilarious... and you've been breaking up every time you hear how stupid and imbecilic Poles supposedly are?!? Well, we've got news for you! In Poland, they've got *their* favorite jokes... about *US*! And so, here, direct from the bars and coffee houses of downtown Warsaw, is the latest selection of

AMERICAN JOKES THEY'RE TELLING IN POLAND

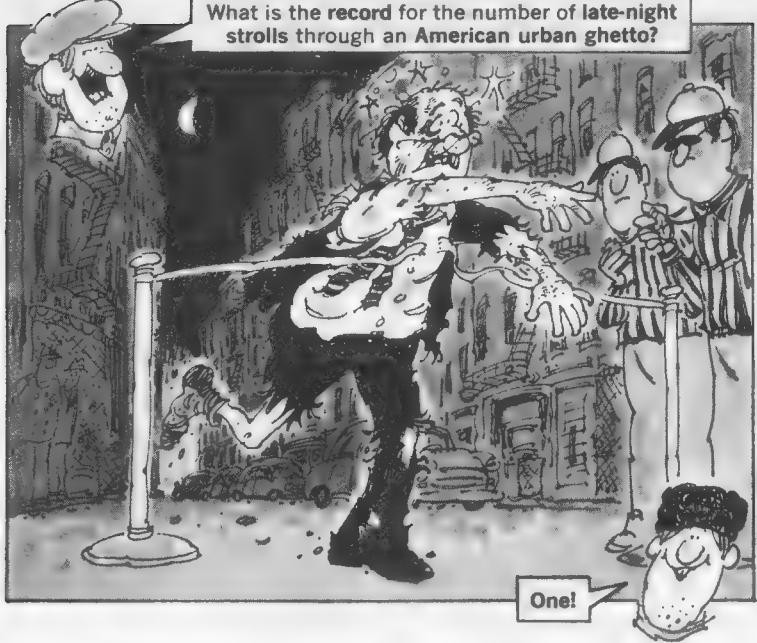
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





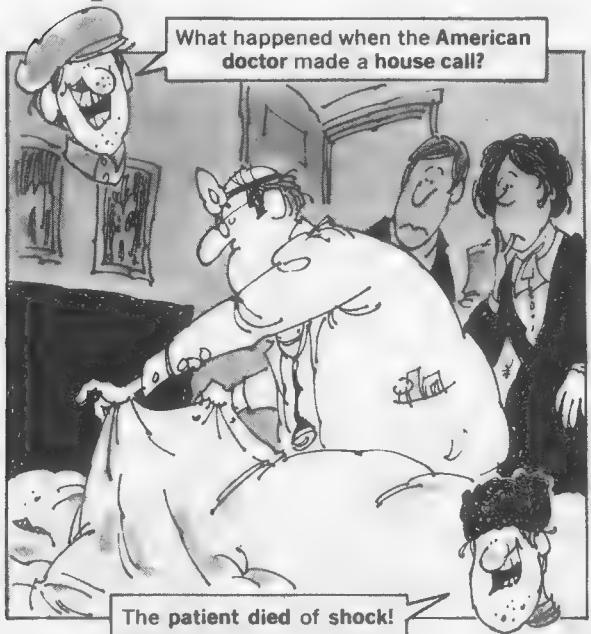
What is the record for the number of late-night strolls through an American urban ghetto?



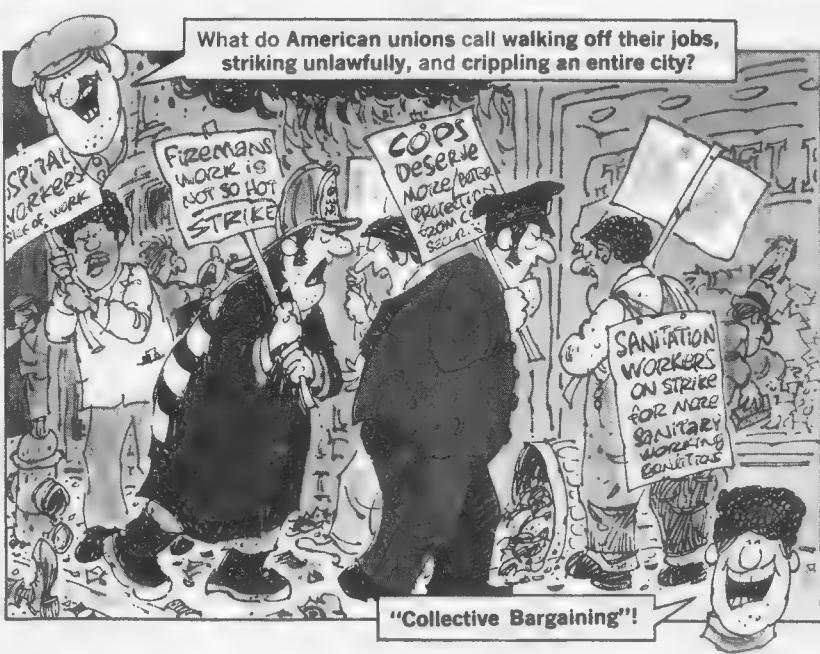
How can an American be certain that the car he's bought is actually new?



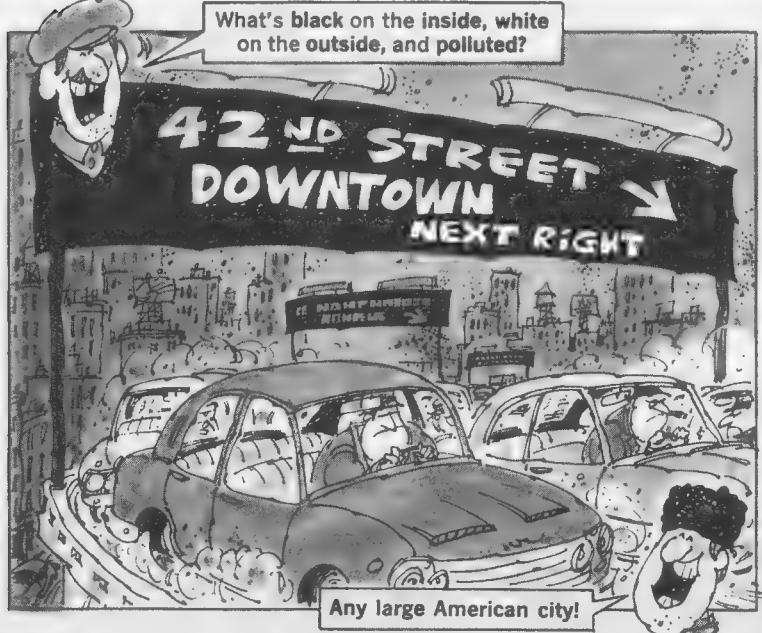
What happened when the American doctor made a house call?



What do American unions call walking off their jobs, striking unlawfully, and crippling an entire city?



What's black on the inside, white on the outside, and polluted?



What's the most popular American humor magazine?

What kind of an American Joke is THAT?!!

MAD Magazine!

The biggest one of all!!



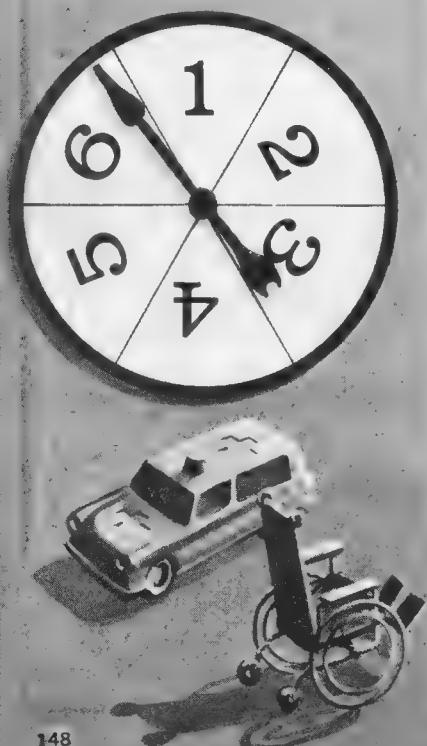
HOSPITAL RULES

1. Object of game is to get out of Hospital quicker than anyone else. This can be done by (a) reaching "Home"; or (b) being forced "Out of Game" because of medical bungling or incompetence or both.

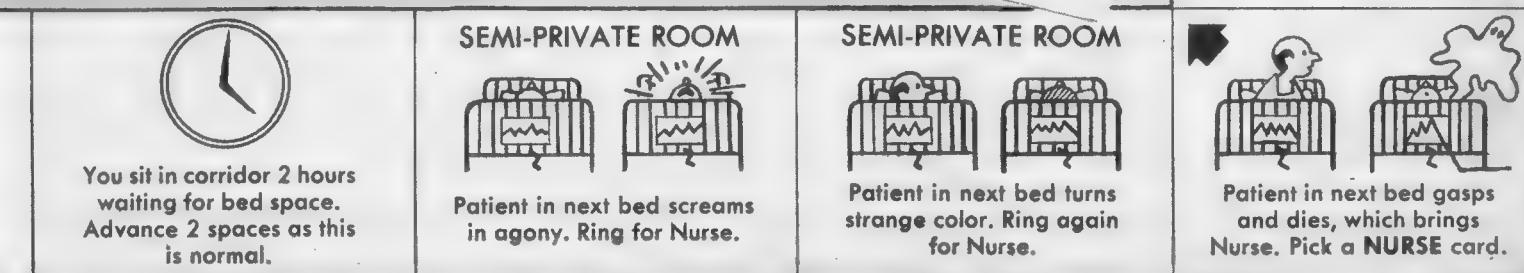
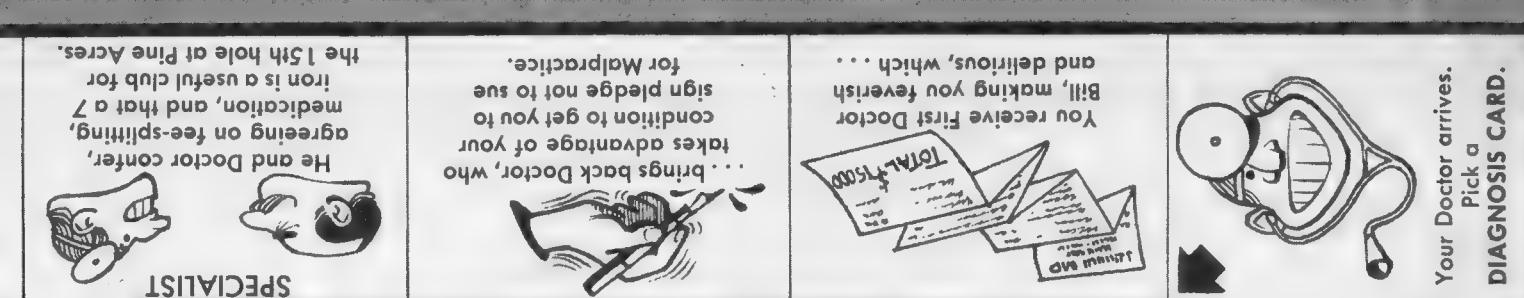
2. If all players fail to complete game, the "Least Loser" is player who leaves Hospital last. There is no "Winner" when you play Hospital.

3. Player with lowest tolerance for suffering goes first. If all players suffer equally, then player with most self-destructive habits goes first.

4. Each player spins pointer on "Spinner" and then he



<p>START</p> <p>ENTER HOSPITAL</p>	<p>ADMISSIONS</p> <p>OPERATING ROOM</p> <p>ADMISSIONS</p> <p>ADMISSIONS</p>	<p>HOME!</p> <p>RELAPSE!</p> <p>CONGRATULATIONS!</p> <p>OUT OF GAME.</p> <p>ADMISSIONS.</p> <p>ADMISSIONS.</p>
<p>VISITOR CARD</p> <p>It is a Preoperative visit. Lose 5 turns.</p>	<p>VISITOR CARD</p> <p>It is a Preoperative visit. Lose 5 turns.</p>	<p>VISITOR CARD</p> <p>It is a Preoperative visit. Lose 5 turns.</p>
<p>OPERATING ROOM</p> <p>Specialist asks if he possibly left rubber glove in your stomach.</p> <p>Go back to OPERATING ROOM.</p>	<p>?</p> <p>You throw up hospital food again and now suffer from acute malnutrition.</p> <p>Go back to ADMISSIONS.</p>	<p>?</p> <p>You wake up back in Semi-Private Room.</p> <p>Pick a VISITOR CARD.</p>
<p>ADMISSIONS.</p> <p>Visitor lights up cigarette while you are in oxygen tent.</p> <p>You are OUT OF GAME.</p>	<p>?</p> <p>Recuperate for six weeks and then play our other popular board game,</p>	<p>?</p> <p>It is the Specialist, who asks you about wife, asking insurance. Lose 3 turns.</p> <p>It is your wife, asking you about your little knees and mumbling. Lose 7 turns.</p> <p>It is a priest, on his Latin. Lose 9 turns.</p> <p>You're Catholic, lose 6 turns.</p>
<p>ADMISSIONS.</p> <p>ADMISSIONS.</p> <p>ADMISSIONS.</p>	<p>?</p> <p>Go back to START.</p>	<p>?</p> <p>Go back to START.</p>



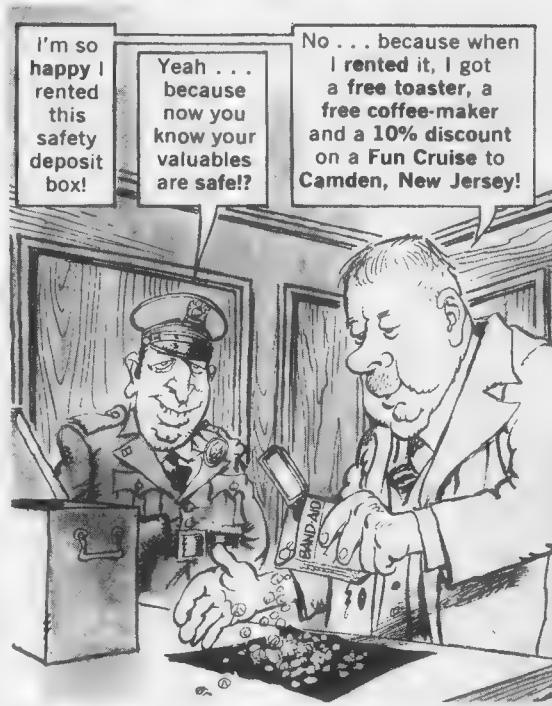
THOU SHALT NOT DRILL DEPT.

Hooray for Hollywood! They finally did it! They teamed up one of the top screenwriters with one of the top directors and one of the top superstars, and they came up with the ultimate movie . . . the ultimate in confusion, that is! In this new movie, nobody . . . not the people who made it, nor the audience . . . has the foggiest notion of what's going on! That's why we at MAD call it:

MABA MABA MABA



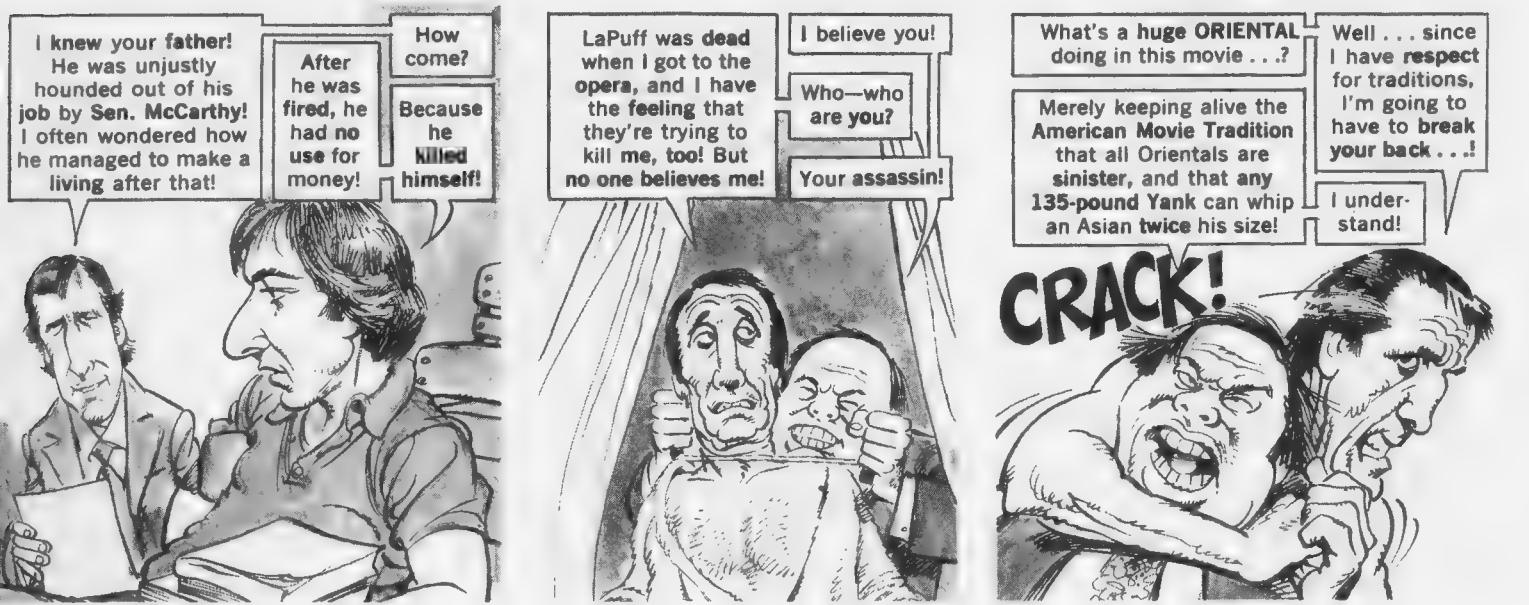
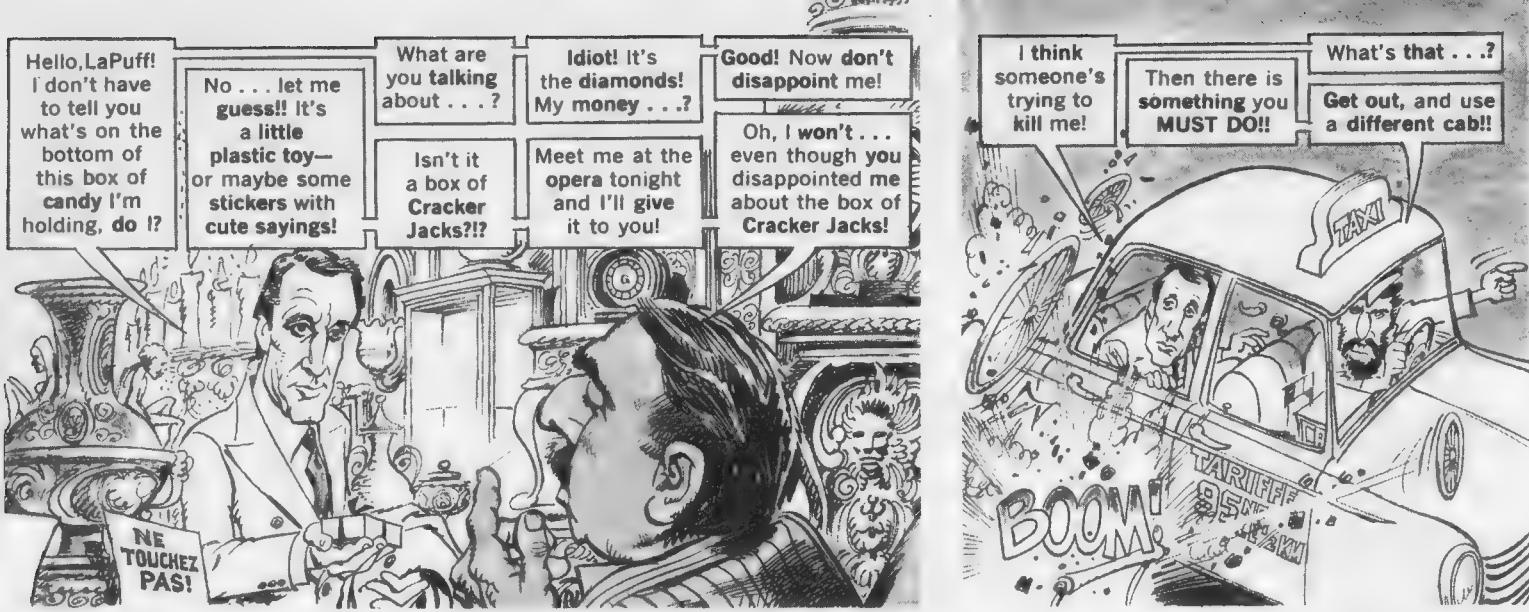
HON MESS

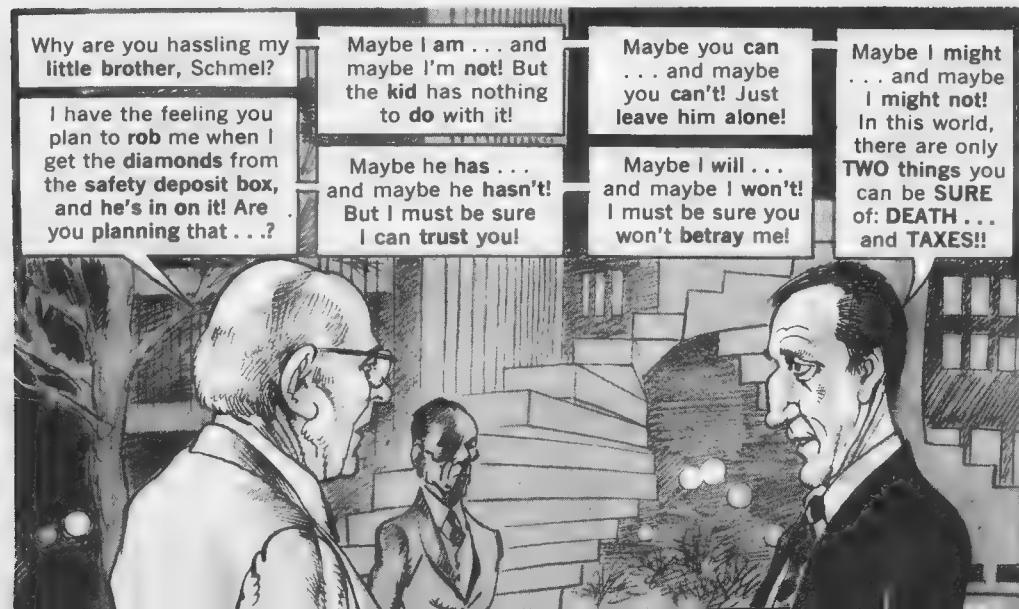
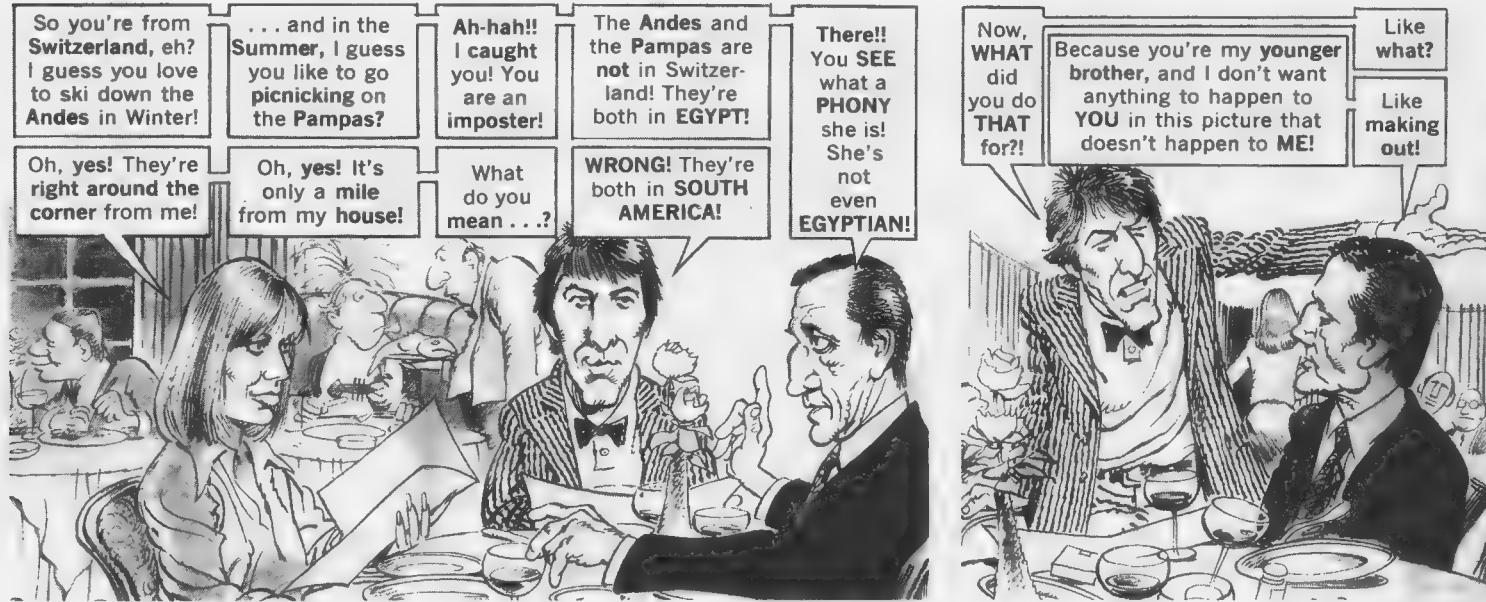
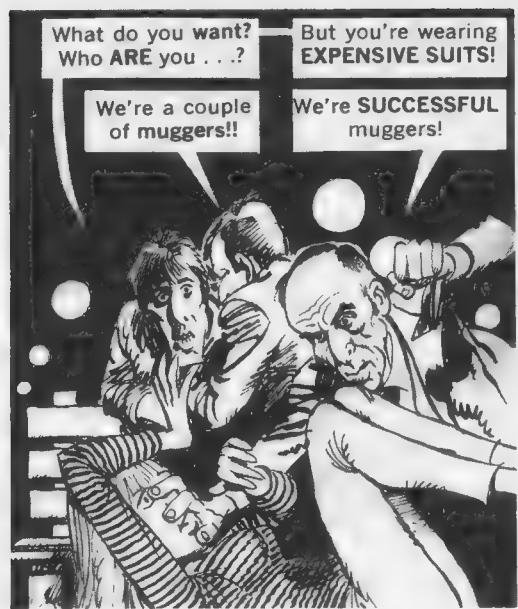


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART







Good Lord! What happened to you?

I was stabbed in Lincoln Center, so I dragged myself to Broadway, caught an uptown bus to 72nd St. and got on a crosstown bus to Riverside Drive, grabbed a No. 4 bus to 116th Street . . . walked up the hill . . . and here I am . . .

Who—who did this to you??

The killer is . . . the killer is . . . cough-cough . . . the . . . agghh . . . —plotz—

Time to tell me a travelogue, he's GOT! Time to tell me one simple name, he DON'T!

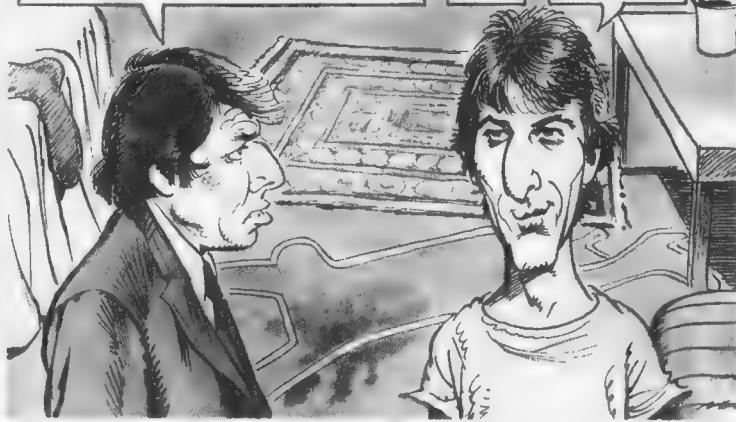
Why would someone kill my brother??

Your brother wasn't in business! He was an agent for the Government! He was part of a branch that does the things that are TOO DIRTY for the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. to handle!

I can't buy that!

Buy what?

There are things TOO DIRTY for the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. to handle???



He was a Courier! He transported diamonds to certain people in exchange for certain information for certain people! However, certain other people wanted him out of the way! Do you understand what I'm telling you?

No!!

Good! I thought I was the ONLY ONE!

We want to use you as bait to help find your brother's killers!

Okay, I'll do it on two conditions! One . . . that when you find the dirty rotten killer, he'll be brought to justice . . .

Granted! And the second condition?

That it won't be dangerous!



Hey, I know I need a shampoo after a workout, but this is ridiculous!

What did your brother SAY when he died???

He said, "Cough . . . cough . . . —plotz—"

Anything ELSE???

No . . . ! After he died, he was very quiet!



Is it safe?

If I knew, would I be asking a 40-year-old schmuck who can't get out of college???

Is WHAT safe?

Okay, it's safe!

I—I don't believe you!

Okay, it's NOT safe!

How's that?

I STILL don't believe you!

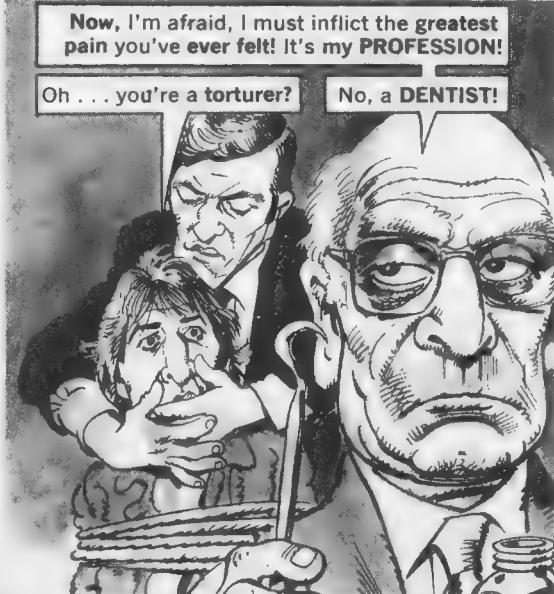
For God's sake . . . what DO you want to hear???

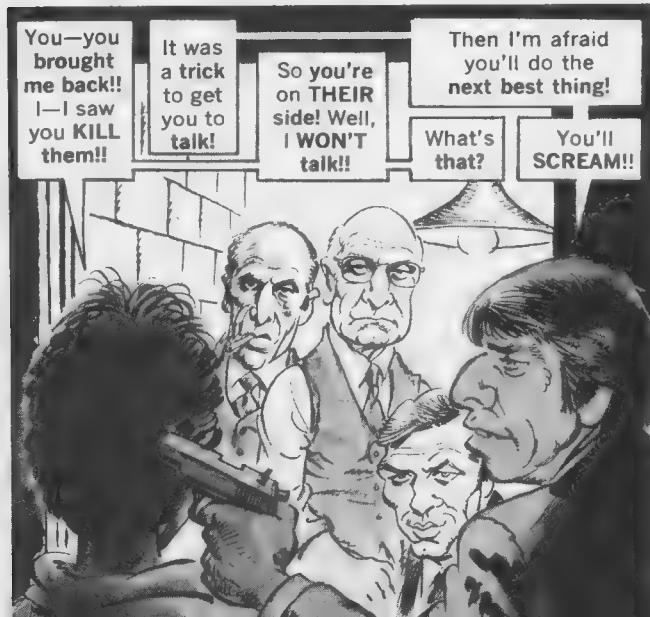
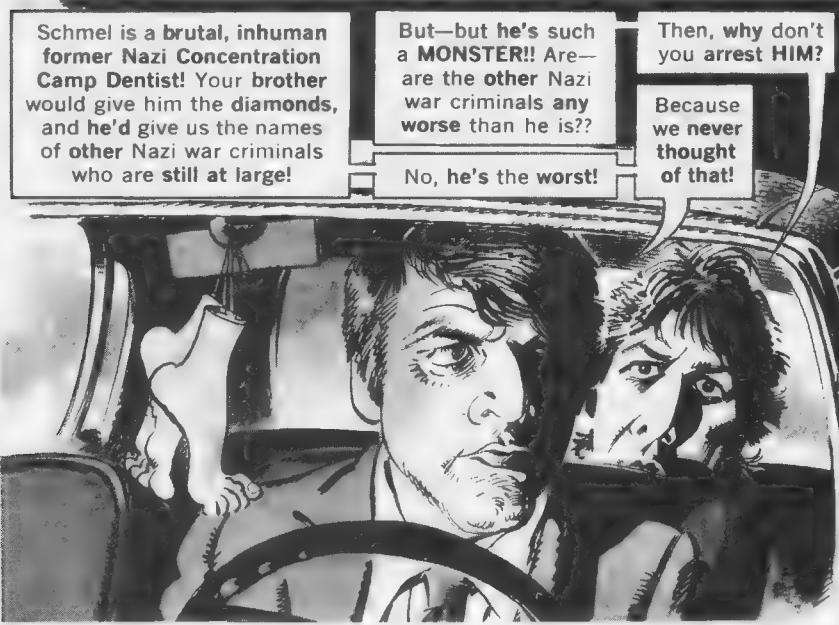
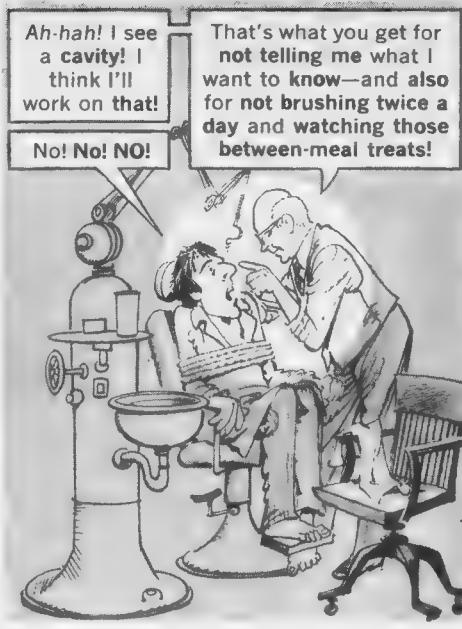
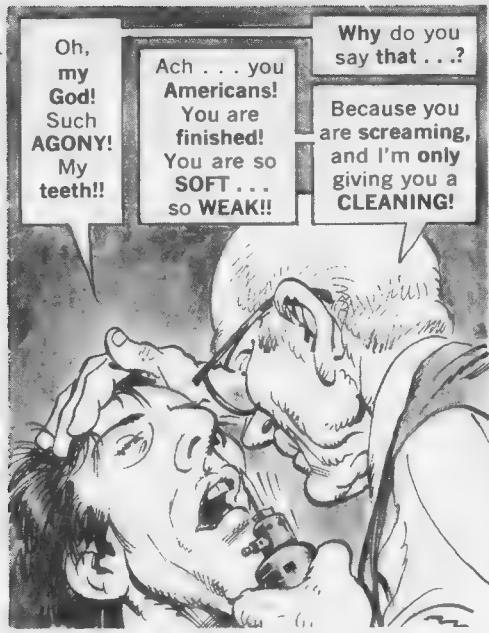
Since you asked, I'd really like to hear "Melancholy Baby" sung in German!

Now, I'm afraid, I must inflict the greatest pain you've ever felt! It's my PROFESSION!

Oh . . . you're a torturer?

No, a DENTIST!





You've got to help me! These people are trying to kill me! I've got to get out of New York City and hide somewhere!

I know just the place! A deserted, out-of-the-way farm house! Only a few people know where it is . . .

WHAT people?

Oh . . . just a former Nazi Dentist and some of his associates!

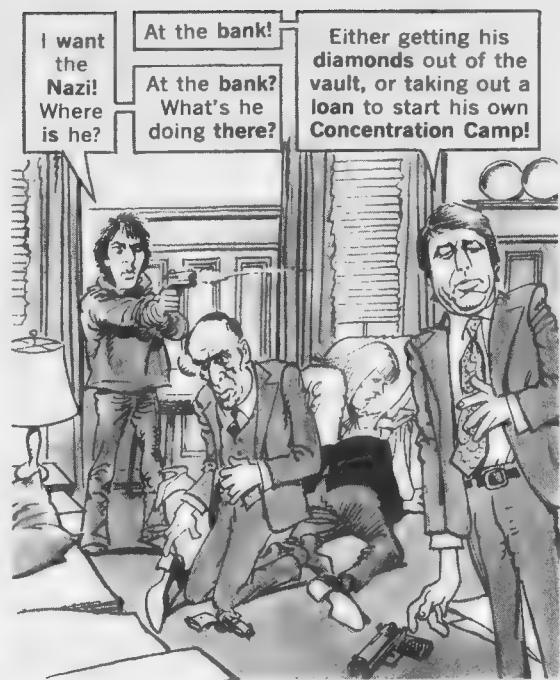
So . . . YOU'RE working for him, too?! WHY . . . ??

Listen, being a Dental Assistant is a good job!!

I want the Nazi! Where is he?

At the bank! At the bank? What's he doing there?

Either getting his diamonds out of the vault, or taking out a loan to start his own Concentration Camp!



How . . . how much are diamonds like these in today's market?

Don't I know you . . . ? From Germany?

Grab that man . . . !! Grab him!

Why . . . ?

I KNOW him! From years ago! He . . . he charged me a fortune for a gold inlay, and it fell out in a week!!

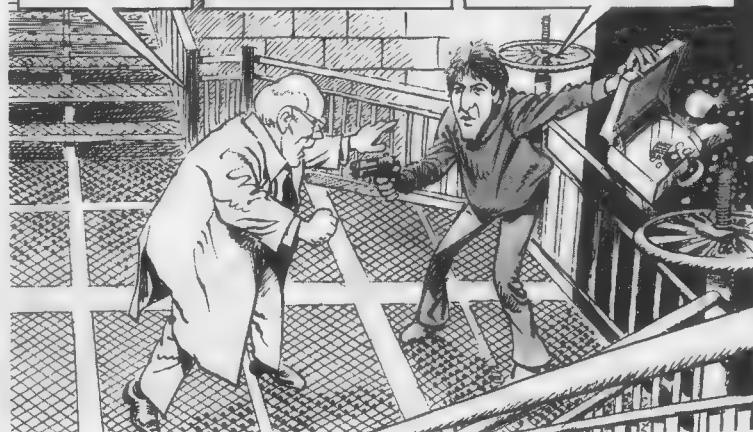
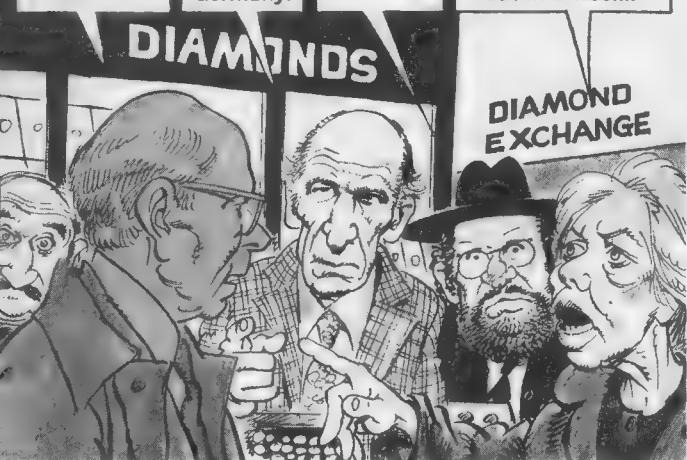
Here's what I think of your diamonds . . . !

Stop! You're throwing away millions! Why?

Damned if I know . . . ! I'm a poor starving student who lives like a hobo and hasn't got a dime to his name!

It doesn't make sense!

It makes about as much sense as an infamous Nazi like you going to the Jewish section to price diamonds, when a simple telephone call would have done it!



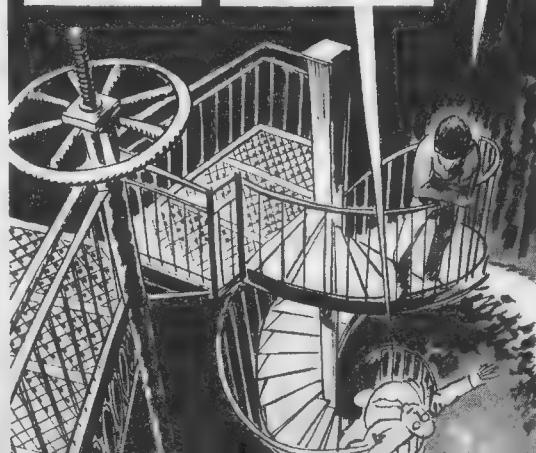
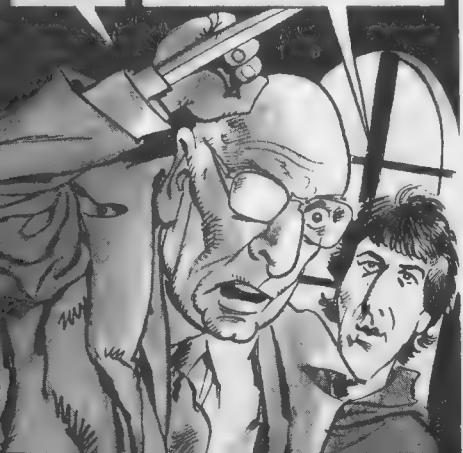
Oh, my God! I'm falling down the stairs!

WHO SAID most accidents happen in the home??! Everyone knows they always happen conveniently . . . in goofy movies like this one!

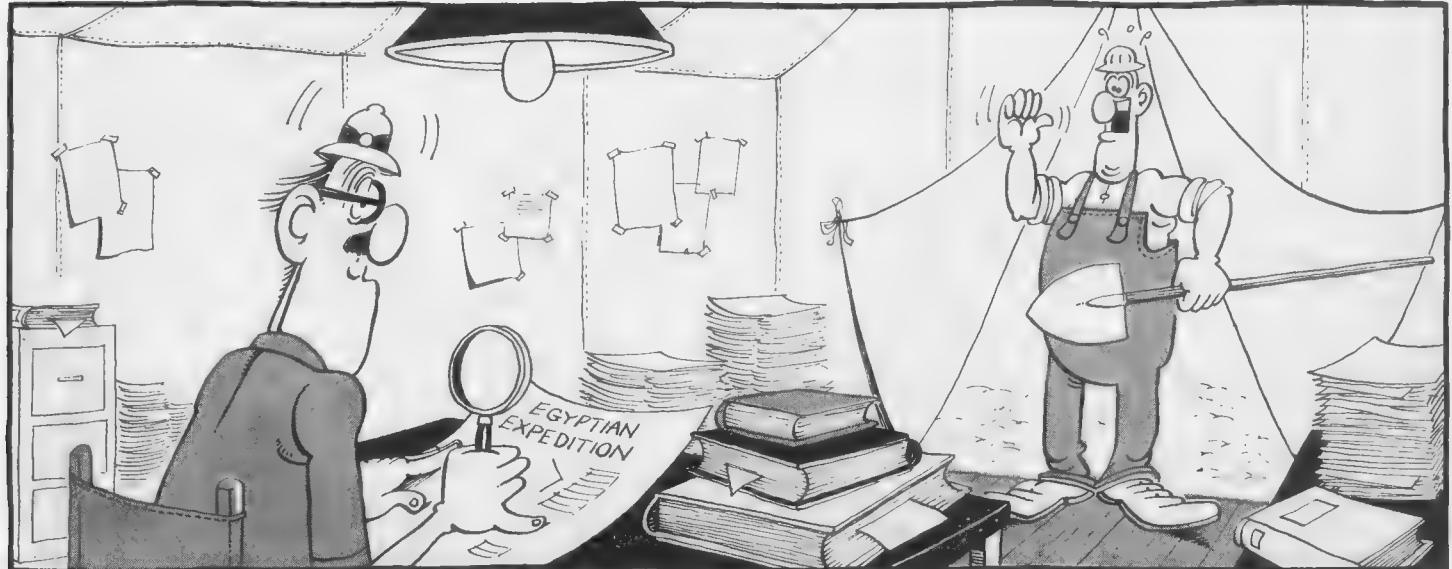
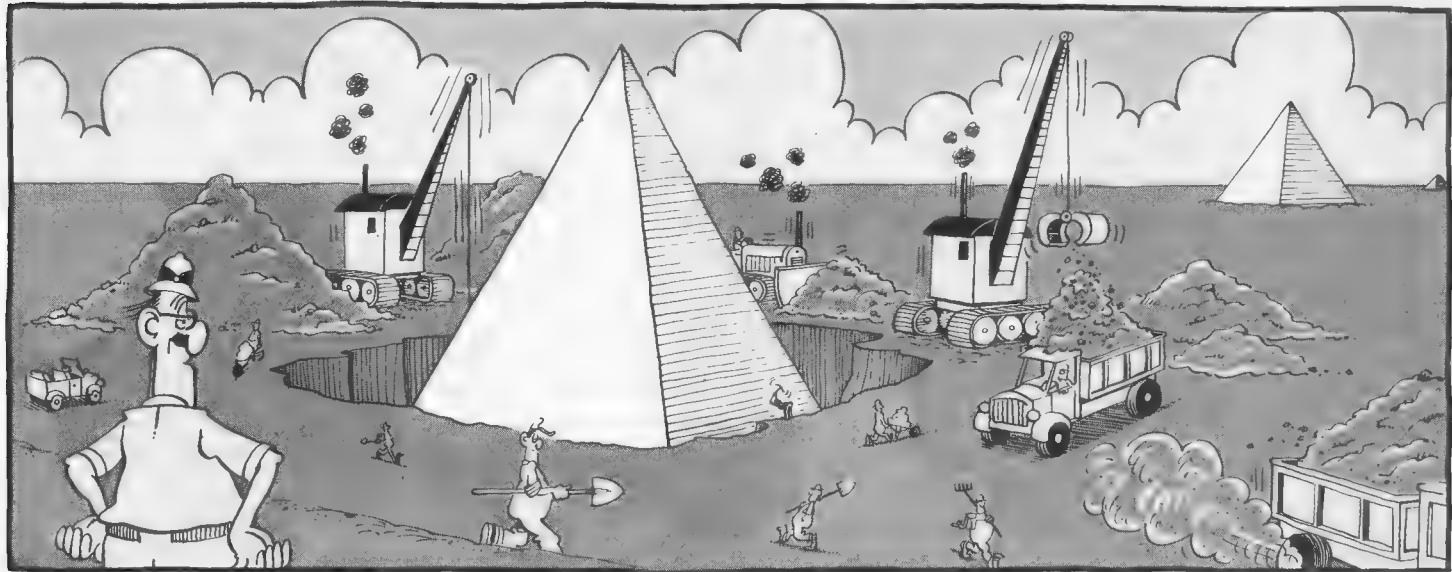
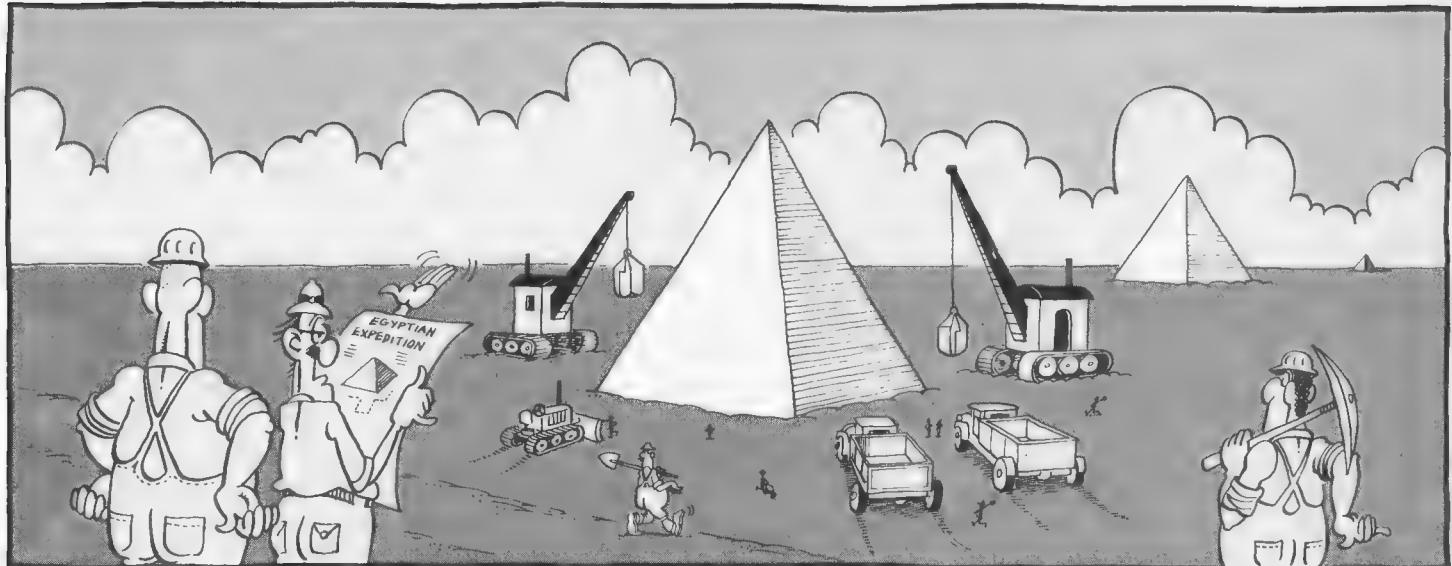
What did all that torture and killing mean? Nothing! Just a waste!

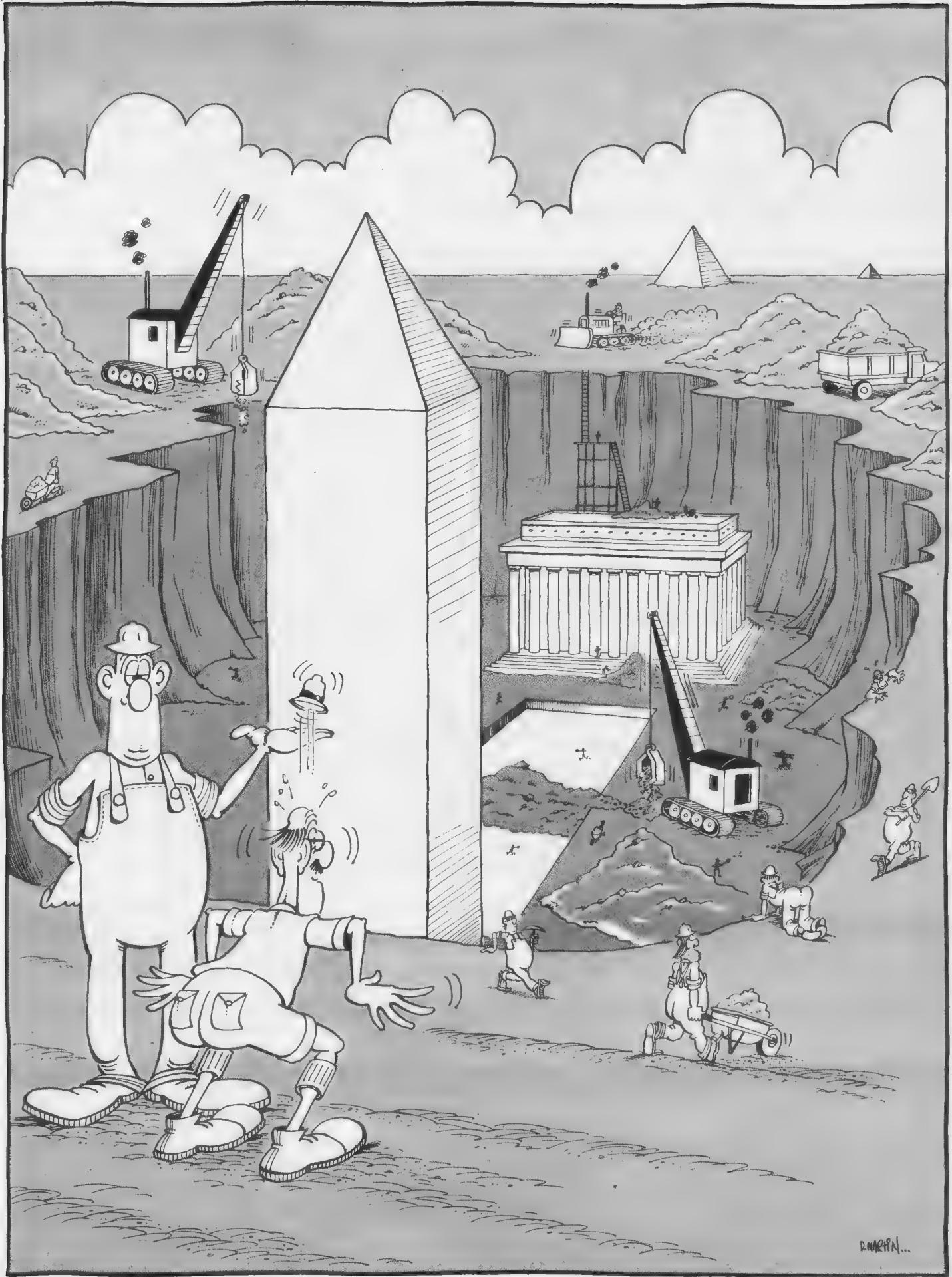
Not necessarily! Something good DID come out of my meeting up with you . . . !

What was that . . . ?



ONE DAY IN EGYPT





HOW MUCH IS ON FIRST? DEPT.

If Ernest Lawrence Thayer were still around, he'd probably agree that his "Casey at the Bat" is hopelessly out-of-date. Baseball has changed a lot over the years, and today balls and strikes don't seem nearly as important as negotiations, high salaries and players' fringe benefits. Our National Pastime has become a battle for the Big Money, which means it's time to rewrite "Casey at the Bat" and retitle it

CASEY AT THE TALKS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

It looked extremely rocky
for the famous Mudville nine;
The season was upon them
and the outfield wouldn't sign;
And when Fenwick turned free agent
and Moran went into flicks,
The owners shook their heads and moaned
"We're in a dreadful fix."



They scanned their ledgers gloomily
without a hint of cheer;
The falling season-ticket sales
foretold a losing year;
They clung to one small, distant hope,
an optimistic dream—
The fans would pack the stands
with mighty Casey on the team.

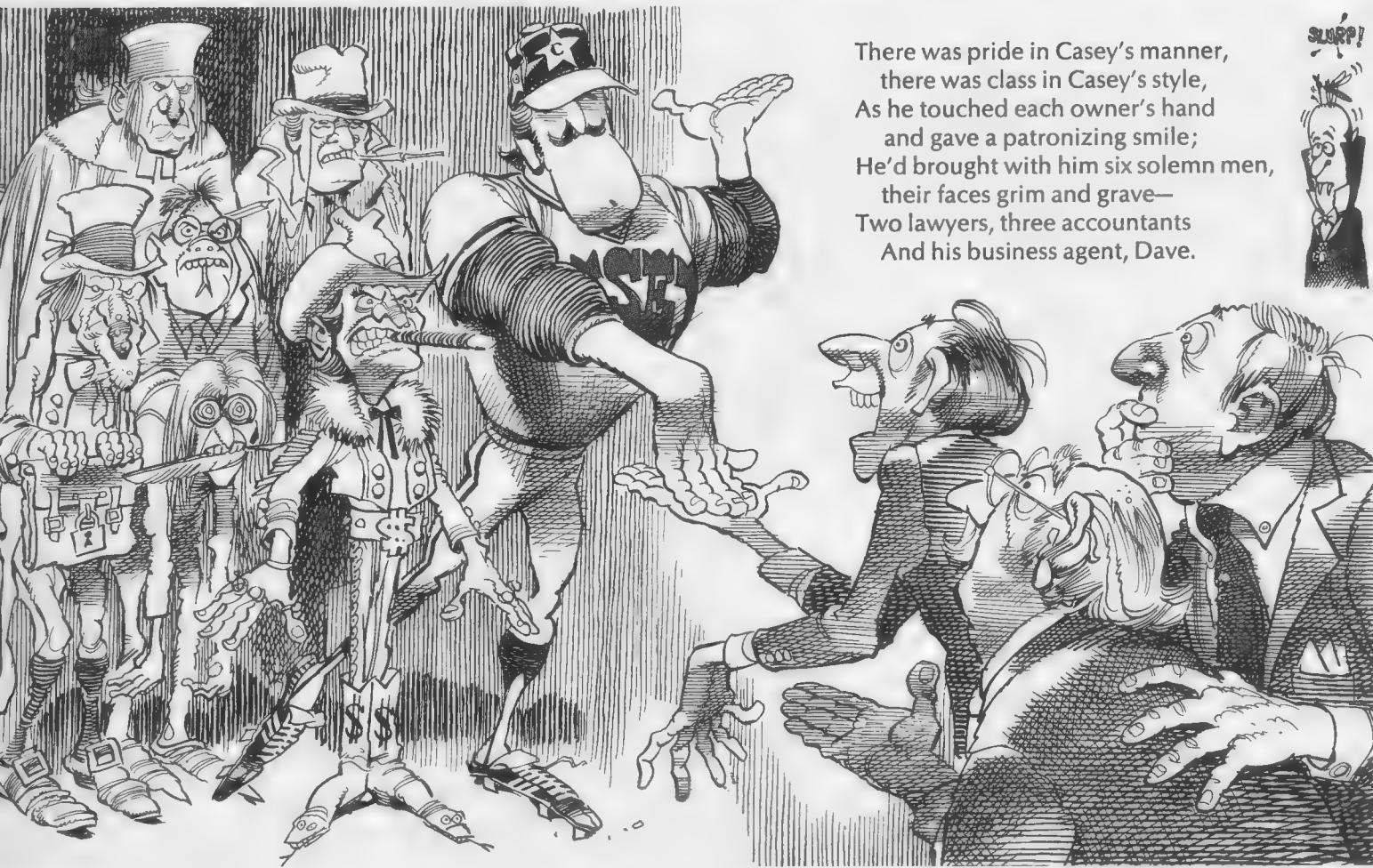
For Casey was a superstar
that any club would prize,
Who last year led the league in hits,
home runs and RBIs;
For months the phone-calls made to him
were scornfully declined;
A god he was, unreachable
and, what was worse, unsigned.



Then from an outer corridor
there rose a mighty shout;
It rattled the reception desk
and shook the walls throughout;
It thundered through the offices
in one tremendous roar,
For Casey, mighty Casey,
was advancing through the door.



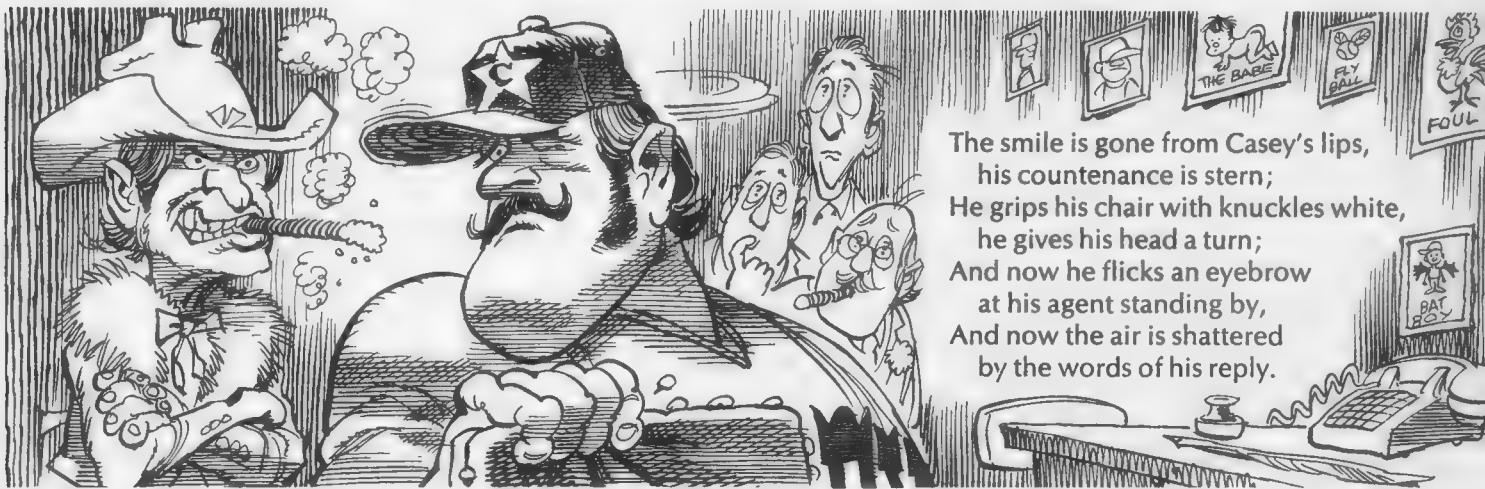
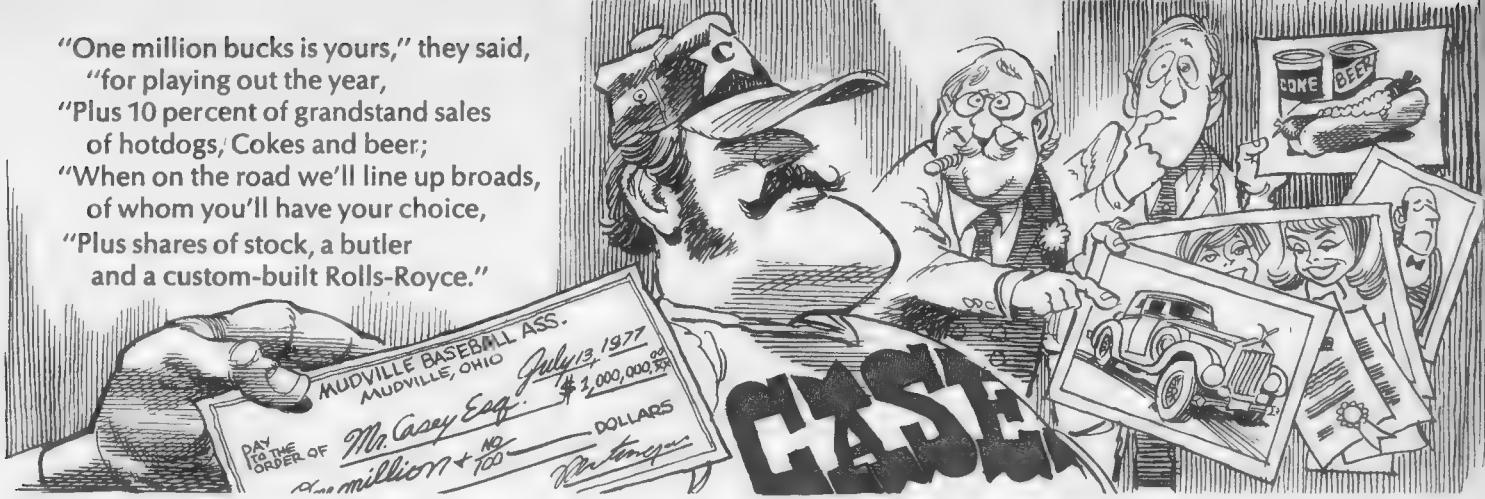
There was pride in Casey's manner,
there was class in Casey's style,
As he touched each owner's hand
and gave a patronizing smile;
He'd brought with him six solemn men,
their faces grim and grave—
Two lawyers, three accountants
And his business agent, Dave.



The owners lauded Casey's clothes,
extolled his wavy hair;
They kissed the leather of his shoes
and knelt beside his chair;
They laid before him fruit and wine
and then a full-course meal,
But Casey merely raised his hand
and murmured, "What's your deal?"



"One million bucks is yours," they said,
 "for playing out the year,
 "Plus 10 percent of grandstand sales
 of hotdogs, Cokes and beer;
 "When on the road we'll line up broads,
 of whom you'll have your choice,
 "Plus shares of stock, a butler
 and a custom-built Rolls-Royce."



The smile is gone from Casey's lips,
 his countenance is stern;
 He grips his chair with knuckles white,
 he gives his head a turn;
 And now he flicks an eyebrow
 at his agent standing by,
 And now the air is shattered
 by the words of his reply.

Oh, somewhere in the baseball world
 there is a happy town,
 Where management has signed a star
 who'll win the triple crown;
 And somewhere fans stand up to cheer
 a bases-loaded clout,
 But there is no joy in Mudville—
 Mighty Casey has held out.



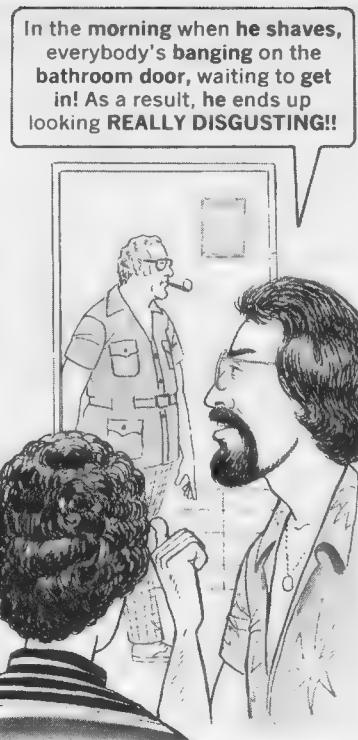


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

MOR

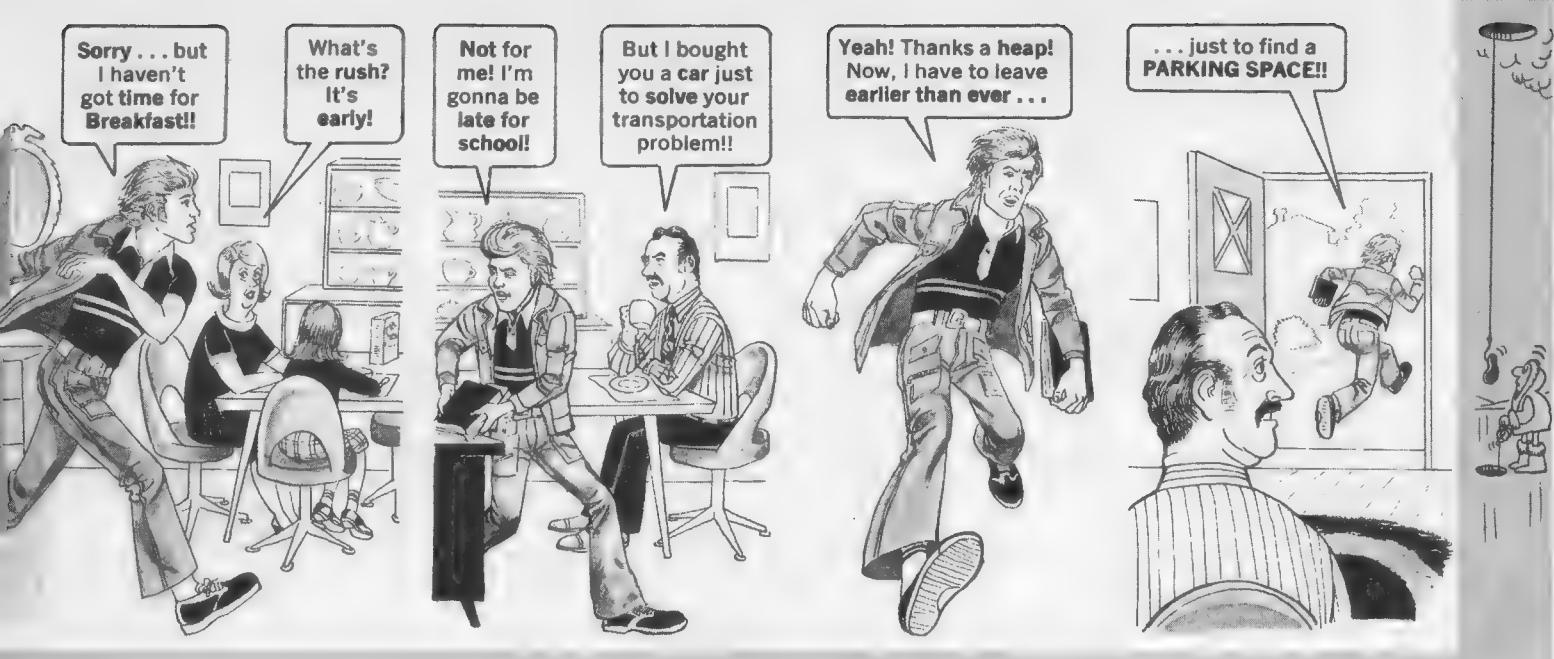


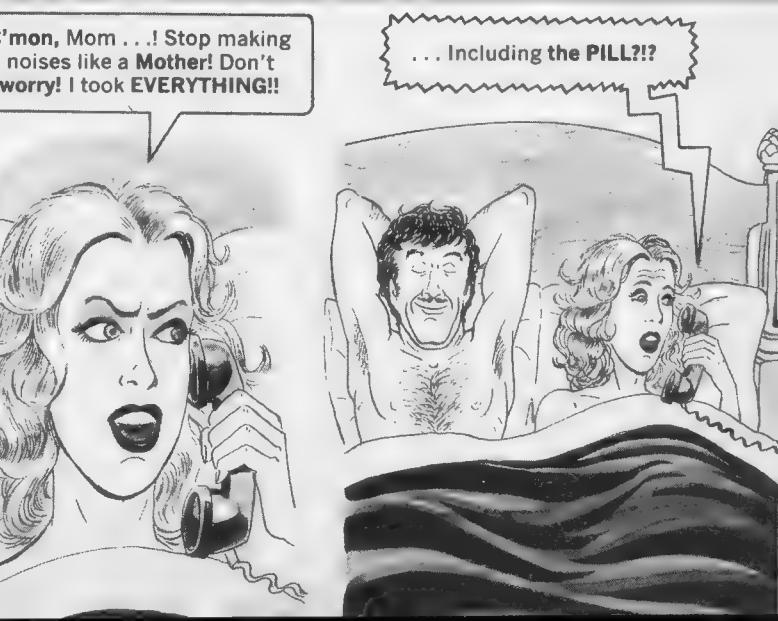
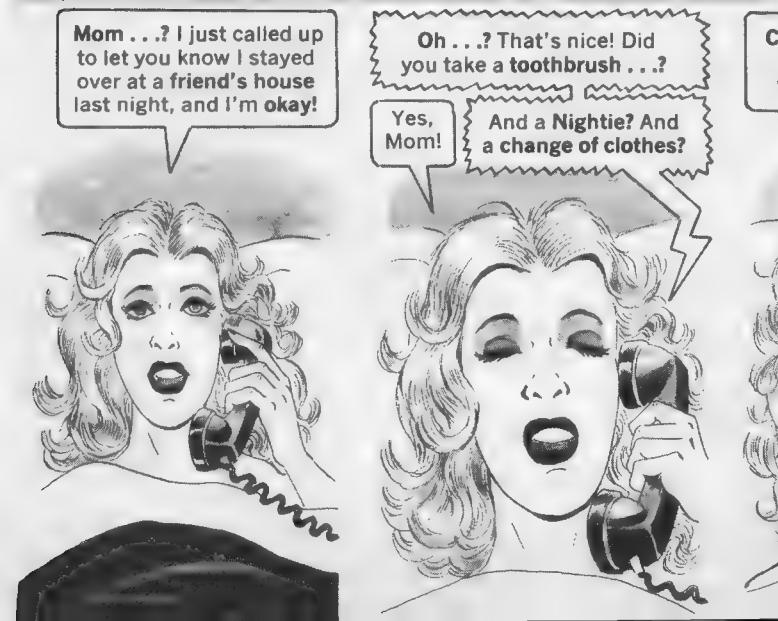
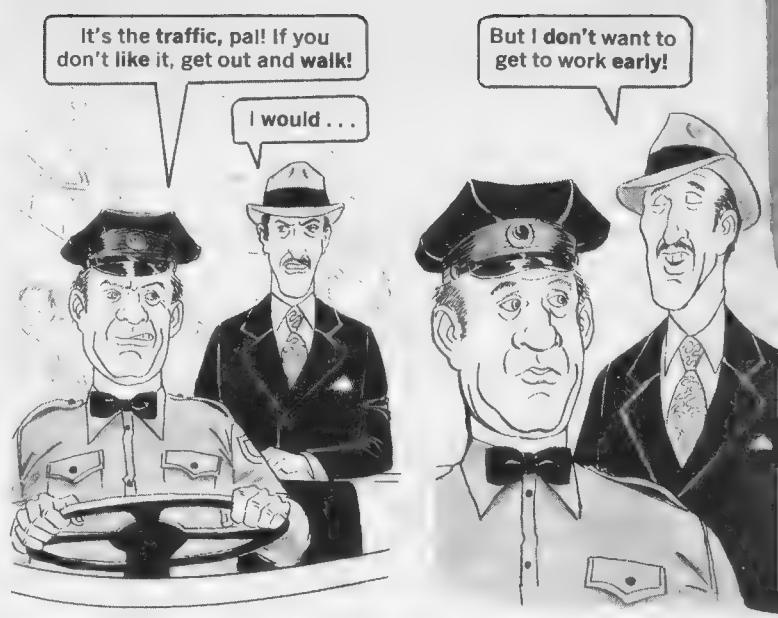
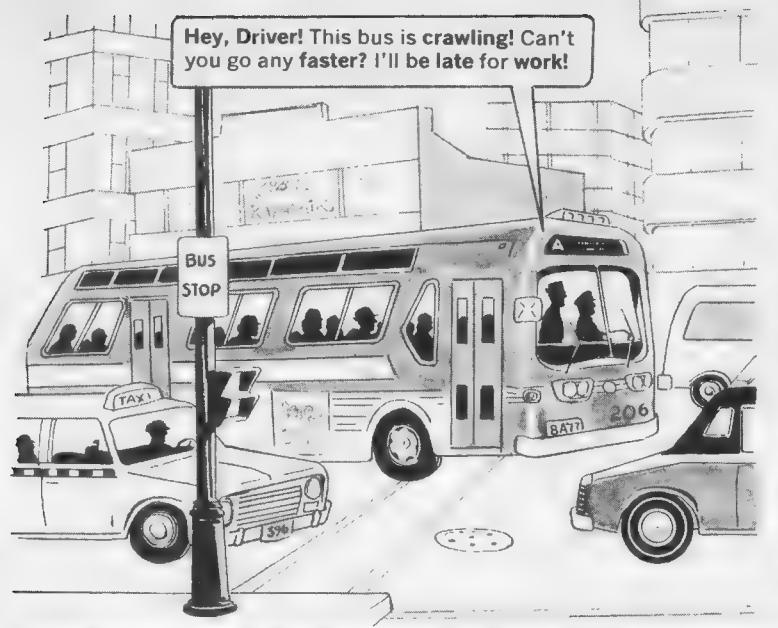


NINGGS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG







This is a heck of a way to start the school day! I want everyone of you to come to order so I can take attendance! Leonard, get back to your seat! Mary Lou and Joanne, stop your gossiping! Herman, put away that MAD Magazine ...

And as for you, Richard, wake up! You can't sleep in my Home Room class!!

I know that!

You HOLLAR too loud!!



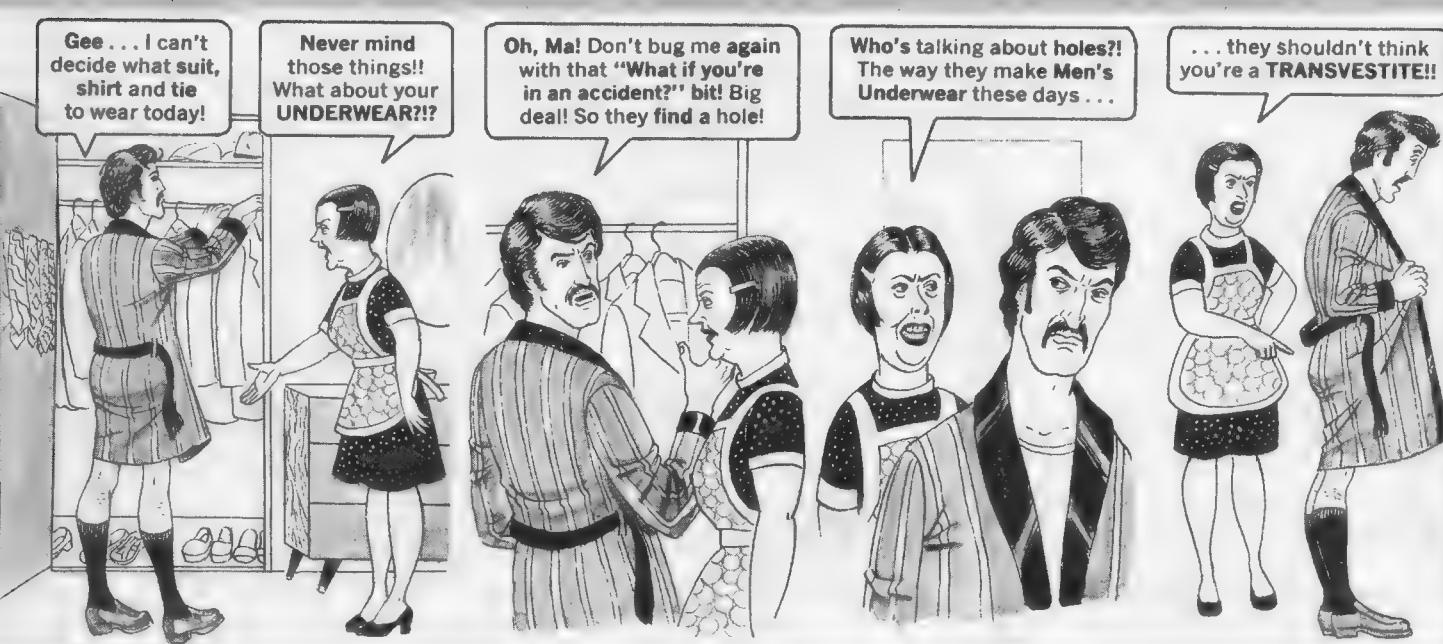
Gee . . . I can't decide what suit, shirt and tie to wear today!

Never mind those things!! What about your UNDERWEAR???

Oh, Ma! Don't bug me again with that "What if you're in an accident?" bit! Big deal! So they find a hole!

Who's talking about holes?! The way they make Men's Underwear these days . . .

. . . they shouldn't think you're a TRANSVESTITE!!



Gee . . . do you watch all them morning Kiddie TV Programs?

You mean . . . like "Captain Kangaroo" 'an "Romper Room" 'an "Sesame Street"? NAHH!

Why not?

I think they're too BABY-ISH!!

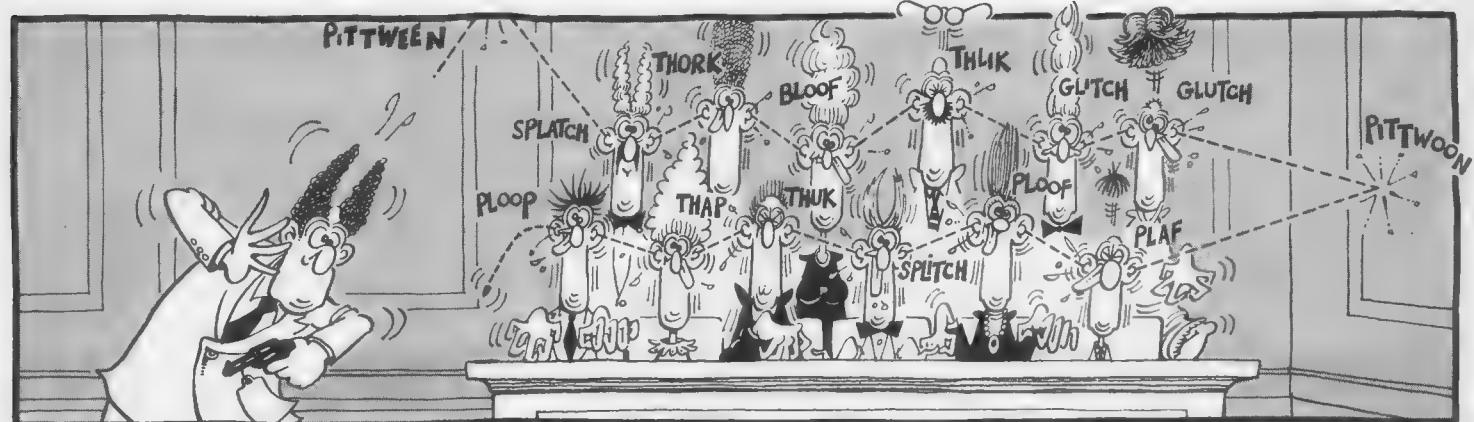
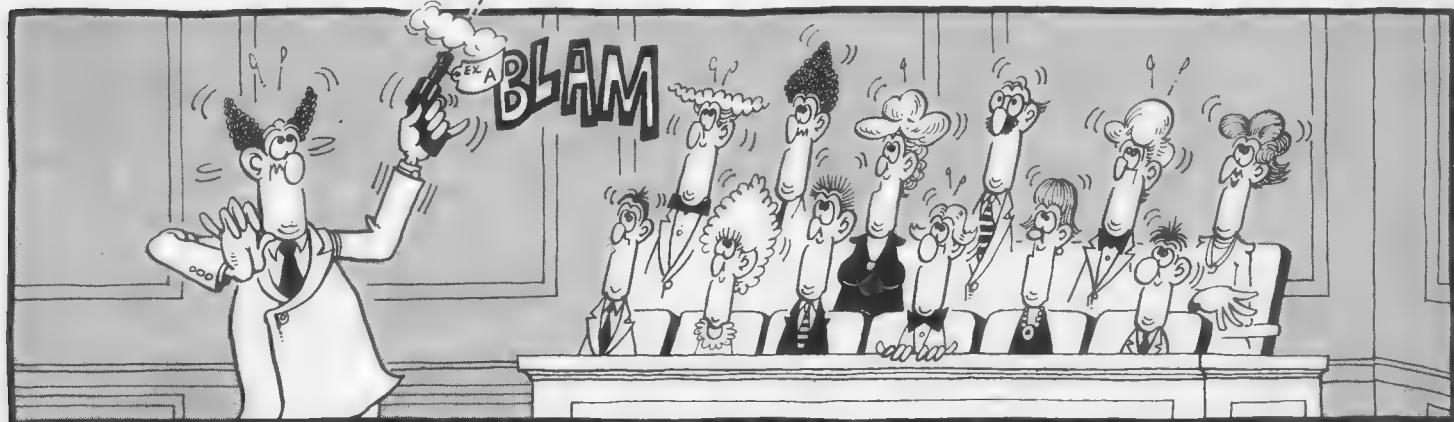
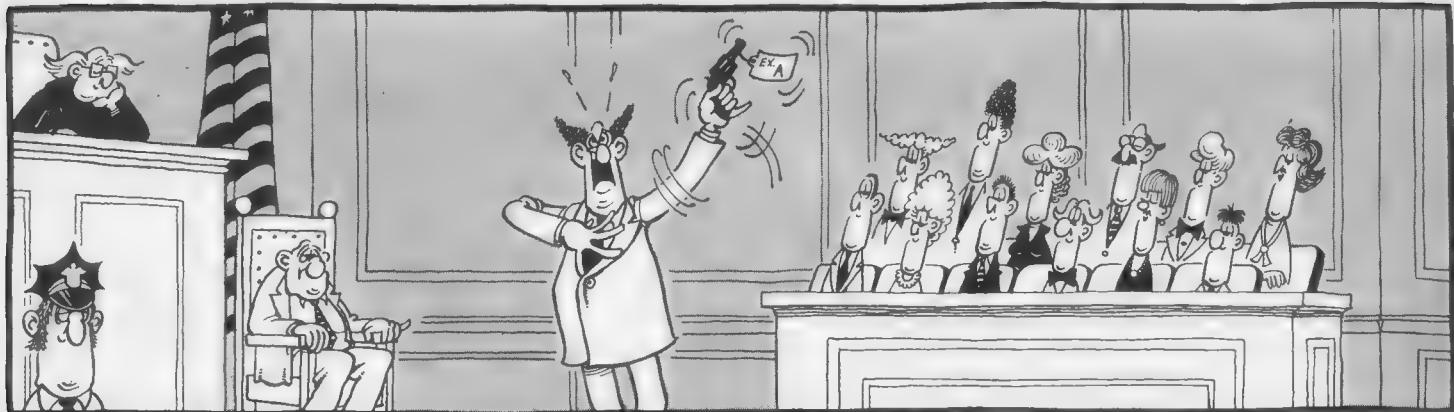
But I hear one of 'em on in the next room! Why don't you shut it off??!

I can't do that!

My Mom is HOOKED on 'em!



ONE MORNING IN A COURTROOM



EXPOSED NERDS DEPT.

Members of every club and organization from the Camp Fire Girls to the Spanish-American War Vets agree on one point: There is nothing duller than the Minutes of the last meeting. That's because dull groups that hold dull meetings have dull Minutes. However, the people who have all the controversial discussions and

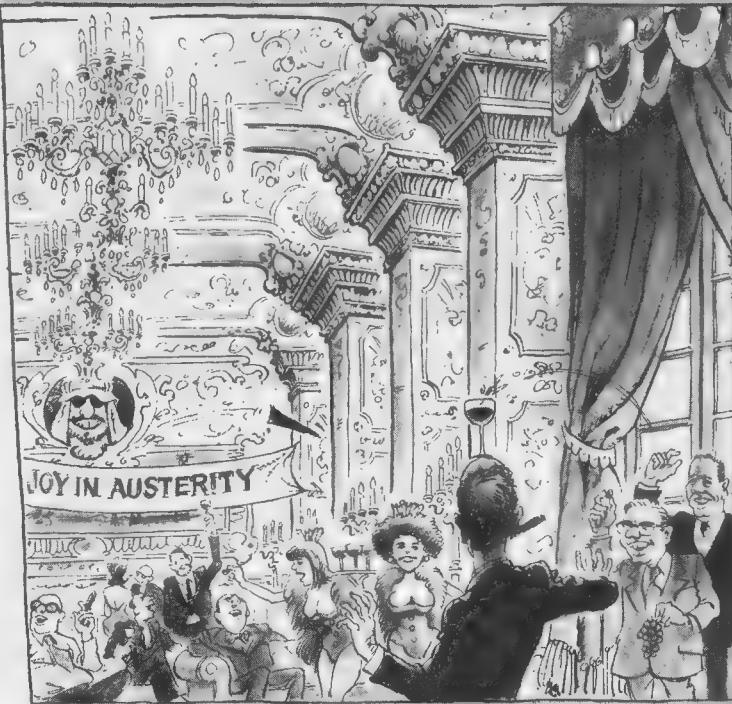
TOP SECRET MINUTES O

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

THE OIL IMPORTERS OF AMERICA Energy Conservation Committee

Winter Meeting

- A. The minutes of the previous meeting were thrown into the waste basket and burned, thus allowing news photographers to take pictures that show how eager we are to find alternate sources of energy to heat our Conference Room.
- B. The news photographers were led out, and the thermostat in the Conference Room was turned back up to 78.
- C. Mr. Tidwell of Eastern Utilities proposed that we hand Israel over to the Arabs as a gesture to indicate that we want to be nice.
- D. Mr. Tidwell was criticized for failing to lower his voice when he offers barbaric suggestions that we'll later want to deny endorsing.
- E. Mr. Spielrite of Pan-Sand Dune Oil laughed off rumors that gasoline may hit \$1 a gallon by next fall. He said it will have to hit \$1 a lot sooner than that if his company is to double its profits again this year.
- F. Mr. Cosgrove of Geological Projection Systems reminded the Committee that we still haven't proposed a comprehensive energy program, even though the nation is now down to a 12½-year supply of proven oil reserves.
- G. The Committee cheered Mr. Cosgrove's statement, since this puts our oil reserves at six whole months more than previously estimated.
- H. The meeting was adjourned, and the thermostat was turned back down to 65 for the benefit of the press.



BROTHERHOOD OF INDUSTRIAL DRUDGES LOCAL No. 1239

April 18, 1975
Being as how the Brotherhood makes all its big decisions by a democratic vote, the Executive Council first voted democratically to exclude the general membership from this meeting and all future ones.

The Treasurer announced that we turned a neat \$3,000,000 profit by docking the members \$3,000,000 for somewhat voluntary contributions to the Strike Fund, just before we sold out to Management and canceled the strike. A motion was passed to spend this surplus on recruiting new members, such as Congressmen who might join the Brotherhood if our offer is high enough.

A final count of ballots from last month's voting showed that all Executive Council members got re-elected, 14,267-to-0. It was decided to announce this figure as 14,265-to-2, so people won't think there might have been some shenanigans in the vote count.

The meeting got adjourned nine minutes after it began, on account of some of the guys still had to go shopping for beach wear to take with them to the national convention in Miami.





who make all the vital decisions meet behind closed doors in strict sneaky privacy. And if we ever read what the Minutes of those meetings contained, our customary boredom would quickly be replaced by enraged frothing at the mouth. Well, prepare to froth, because we here at MAD have just come into possession of these

F TOP SECRET MEETINGS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

CYCLOPS TV & ELECTRONICS CORP. Service Representatives' Emergency Meeting

- 1A. Board Chairman Meriweather opened the discussion by pointing out that 97% of all Cyclops TV sets sold this year have been found defective while still under warranty. He urged service reps to act more surly, in the hope of discouraging buyers from bringing back the shoddy junk we sold them.
- 1B. Mr. Bertram of the Chicago office suggested that it might also help if future warranties stated in fine print that defective sets must be returned in person to our Main Service Center at Nome, Alaska.
- 1C. Mr. Solotkin of the Corporate Spying Dept. said that some competitors have cut down on unprofitable warranty work by requiring customers to state their complaints in writing, without misspelling any words.
- 1D. Mr. Moseley of Quality Control suggested that we reduce the number of defective sets we make by eliminating those cheap plastic parts that don't fit together properly.
- 2A. Mr. Moseley was fired on the spot, while the proposals of Mr. Bertram and Mr. Solotkin were taken under serious advisement.



COUNCIL OF TV NETWORK DECISION MAKERS

PLANNING
The March meeting began at 7:15 P.M., to allow ample time for completion of business before the good Sex and Violence programs come on at 9 o'clock.

Best wishes were extended to ABC on its Third Season, launched in February to replace all the Second Season clinkers that went on in January to replace the flops that went on last September.

The Industry Committee for Better Programming offered the following recommendations: (1) Upgrade "The \$25,000 Pyramid" by making it "The \$30,000 Pyramid;" (2) Stop confusing the audience by televising a ball game at the same time Curt Gowdy is doing his weekly reminiscence of his boyhood in Wyoming, and (3) Put Sher's revealing costumes on someone who has more to reveal.

These proposals were all rejected after our accountants stated that network profits are too good to risk horsing around making needless changes.

A motion to begin summer re-runs next season immediately after the Christmas Specials was referred to a sub-committee for study. The sub-committee was instructed never to report back, as this might require the full Council to make a decision about something.

A motion to adjourn was approved, on the assumption that its passage probably wouldn't offend anybody.

LIST OF TECH BREAK DOWNS AND POSITION
NOV 87
5
LOVE LULLY
BULL
BOB BROWN SHOW
JETTY RIVER



B.I.G. M.A.M.A.

(Board of Innovative Guidance,
Midwest Auto Manufacturers' Association)

The April meeting was held in the Intensive Care Unit of the Little Sisters of Detroit Hospital at the request of Board President Frobisher, who was recuperating there following a highly unusual brake failure on his 1976 Wildfire Mark XIV Grand de Ville sedan.

Members discussed the frequency of such highly unusual mishaps on 1976 American-made cars, and then voted unanimously to provide themselves with Mercedes limousines as a safety precaution.

The Chairman of the Sales Committee suggested that the advertising theme for the 1977 model year be "The greatest new design of the decade," referring, of course, to the Association's great new design for bilking the public out of millions with an across-the-board 28% price increase.

The Committee on Future Development reported that the rotary engine continues to show promise for 1979. It still gets only ten miles to the gallon, but this disadvantage is more than offset by recent indications that a rotary engine powered car can be sold for \$2,000 more than current models.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:35 P.M. in memory of Board President Frobisher, who was pronounced dead after a mention of Ralph Nader's name failed to make him scream in outrage.

RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATION

Price Fixing Conference

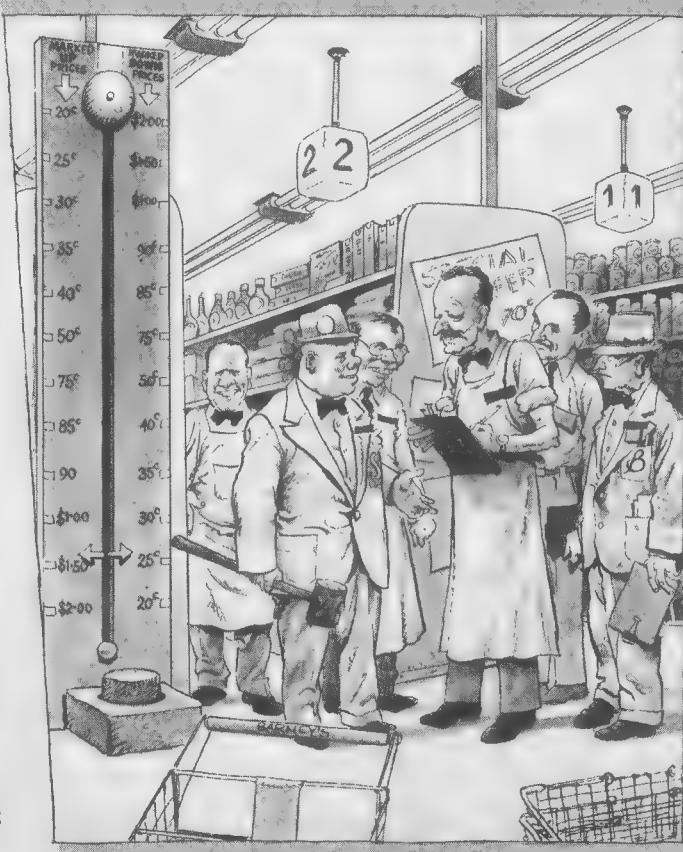
The regular weekly meeting to discuss Thursday's newspaper ads was opened by Chairman Hofstedt of Cornucopia Markets, who reminded the group that it was his company's turn to feature a special on 5 lb. bags of sugar, while quietly jacking up the price of coffee and fresh corn.

Delegate Furbler of Dandy Discount Stores interrupted to accuse Cornucopia of violating the Association charter last week by offering both hamburger buns and watermelon at lower prices than competing chains. Furbler charged that such widespread price cutting might soon enable consumers to do all their shopping at one store without getting swindled.

Chairman Hofstedt denied this charge, pointing out that the special on hamburger buns was merely a trap designed to sell more onions and ketchup at new higher prices. Also, he claimed that Cornucopia didn't even stock any of the watermelon it advertised on sale.

Delegate Pringle of Barney's Bargain Mart received permission to cut Grade A eggs by 4c a dozen, with the understanding that bacon be increased by 15c a pound.

After exchanging proposed ad copy, the delegates adjourned for lunch to Vito's Steak House, which features the type of prime sirloin you just can't find in the markets anymore.



THE FOUR SEASONS IMPORTING CO.
OF LONG ISLAND CITY

(Formerly the Four Ruling Families
of Palermo, Sicily)

Don Luigi called the business associates and foot soldiers to order at 2:35 P.M. by banging his gavel. It was noted by all that he didn't even bang it on anybody's knee caps, which may mean he's getting too old and soft to manage the organization. Anyhow, out of respect to Don Luigi, the other gentlemen shut up their faces and listened. Don Luigi recited the 1975 fiscal report from memory, on account of that's the only safe place to put it. He said the net take from the importing business had been either 40-billion or 14-billion. He forgets which, and nobody pressed him to remember better.

Don Luigi said the 1975 profits had been used to take control of General Motors, A.T. & T., Union Carbide and Gulf Oil. He said that if things go as good in '76, we may be able to buy a franchise in the National Football League.

Don Luigi then said there was no other business to discuss, so we naturally did not discuss any.



CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
WEEKLY BRIEFING SESSION

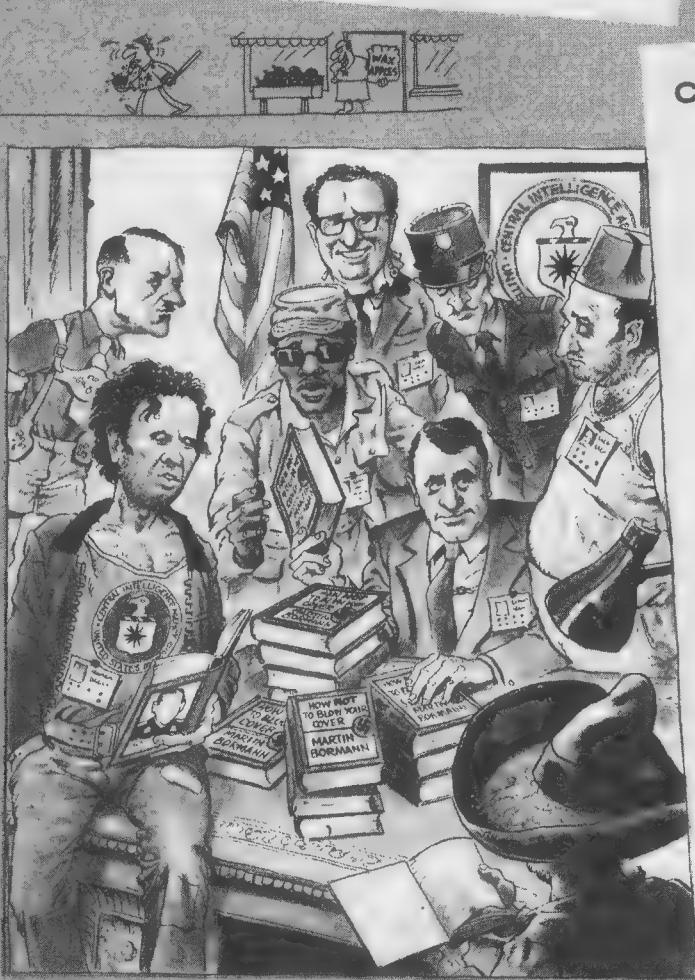
16 February 1976

138.1 - Agent Blue Fox (Eddie Schwartz) brought the guys up to date on the situation in Yemen. He said the Prime Minister there refused to break diplomatic relations with the Commies, even after receiving our generous payment. Therefore, Blue Fox will shoot the Prime Minister at 2:30 P.M. next Thursday.

138.2 - Agent Wart Hog 5 (Frank Coslow) suggested that the cash squandered in Yemen be stolen back, and redistributed to the loonies who are rebelling in Paraguay. Agent Blue Fox nixed this idea on the grounds that stealing our money back might cause our friends in Yemen to distrust us.

138.3 - The Director read coded cables from agents in Cuba, Syria and Albania, all stating that sabotage work is progressing satisfactorily. He also read a post card from our agent in Tahiti, stating that he is having a wonderful time on his vacation, and wishes we could all be there.

138.4 - The session was adjourned at 9:15, and everyone left by the back door.



WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



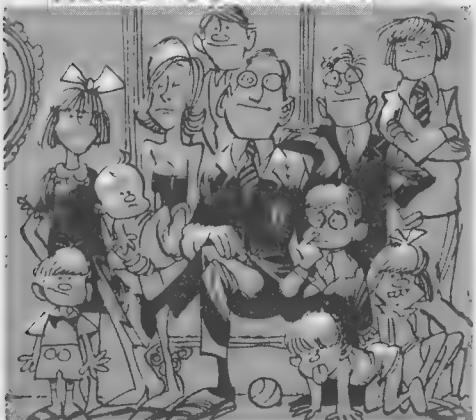
...you gamble away your salary at the track.



ND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



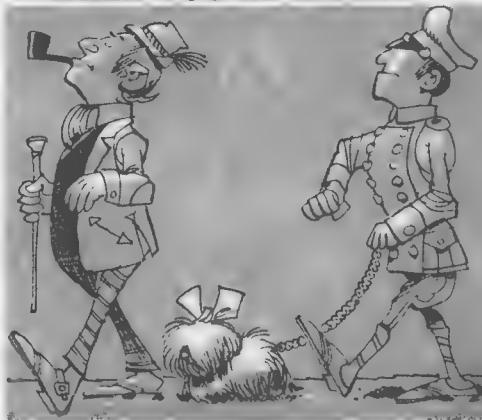
...you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...

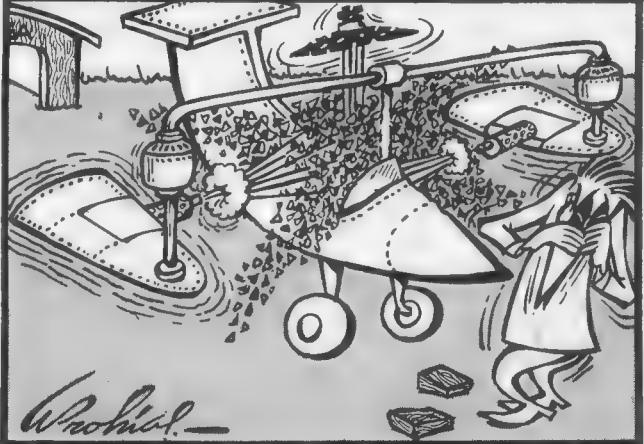
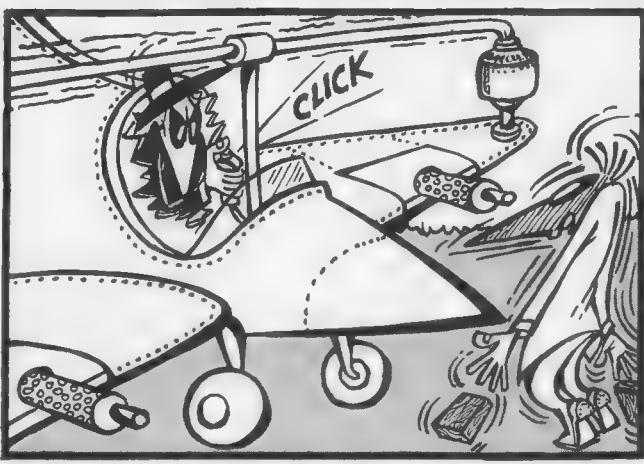
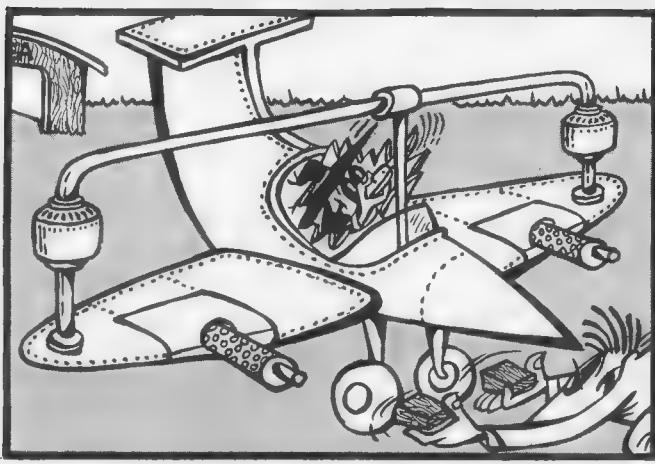
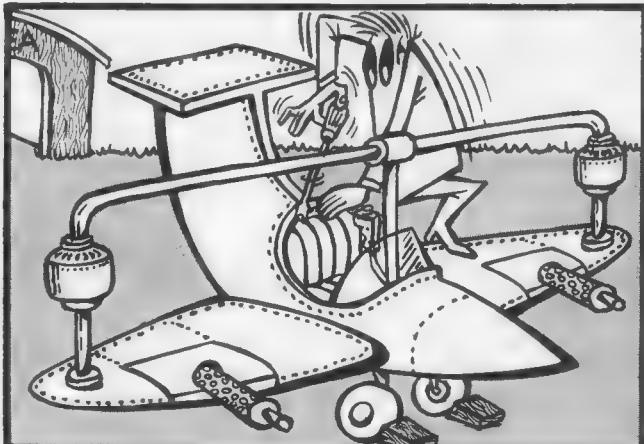
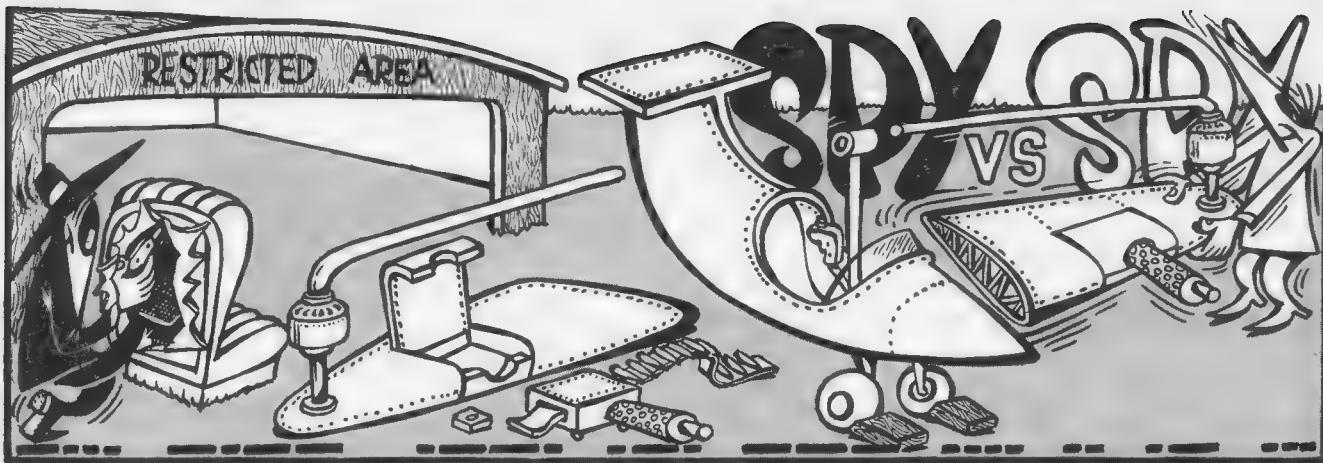


...you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.



PRIVATE-EYEFULS DEPT.

Once upon a time, there were three little girls who attended the Police Academy . . .

They were graduated and assigned hazardous duties! Hazardous to the rest of the Police Force, that is!



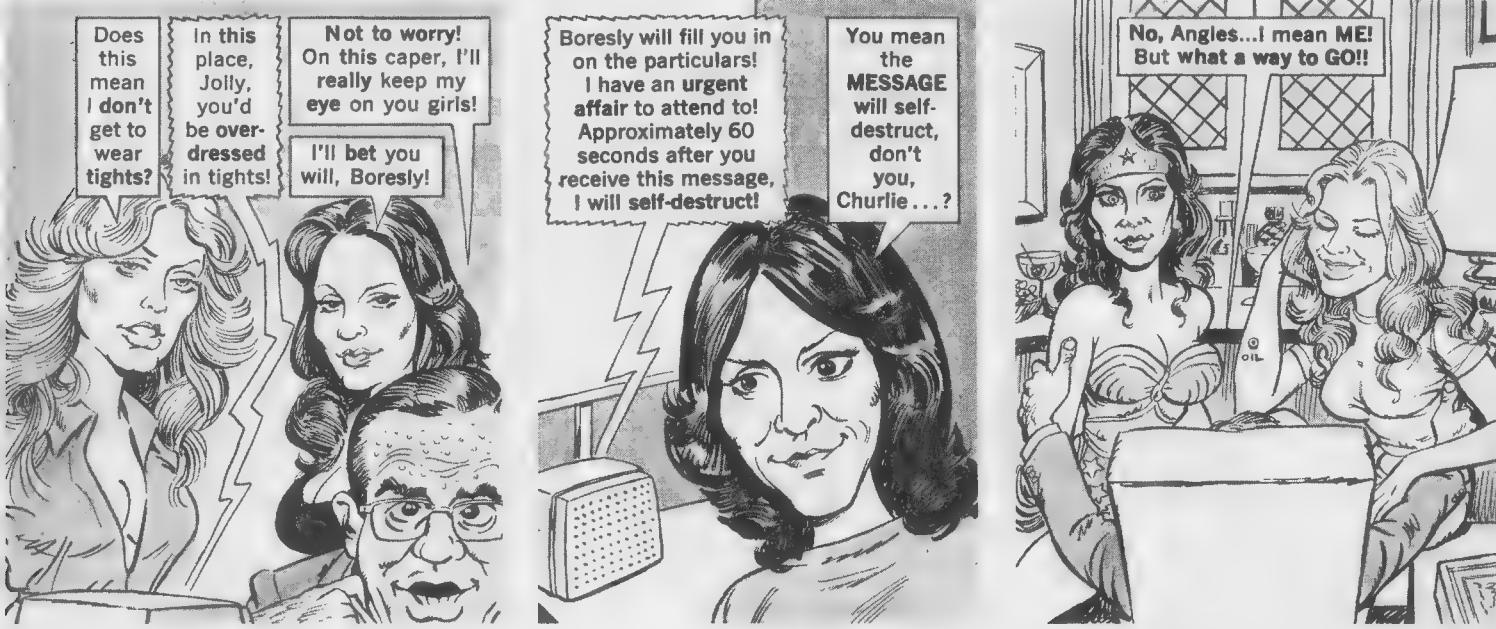
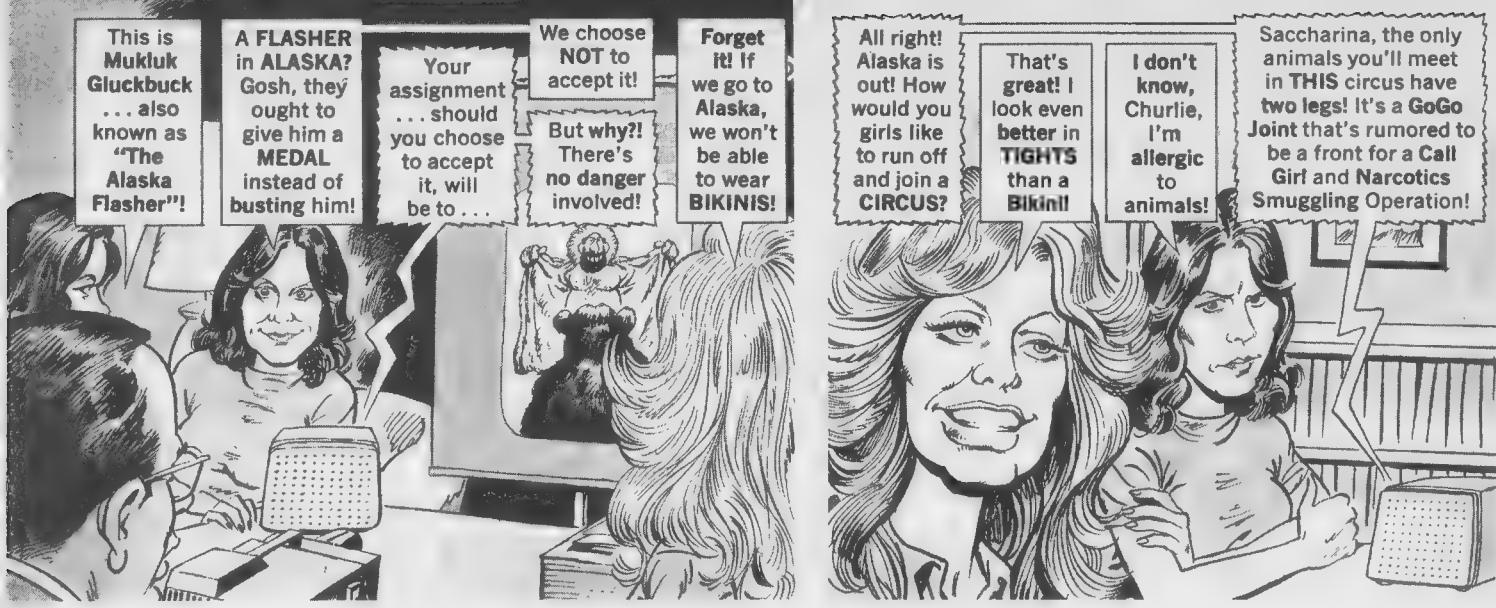
But I took them away from all that, and now they work for me as private detectives. Three glamorous, gorgeous private detectives. How's that for a new angle on fighting crime? My name is Churlie, and I call my girls . . .

CHURLIE'S ANGLES

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE









Okay, ladies! Put on your traveling clothes! We're taking you for a little ride!

I'm glad to hear that!

Killy, you're glad they're taking us for a ride???

No . . . I'm glad we're getting a chance to change clothes! We've been wearing these same outfits for nine panels now!

Everybody OUT . . . !

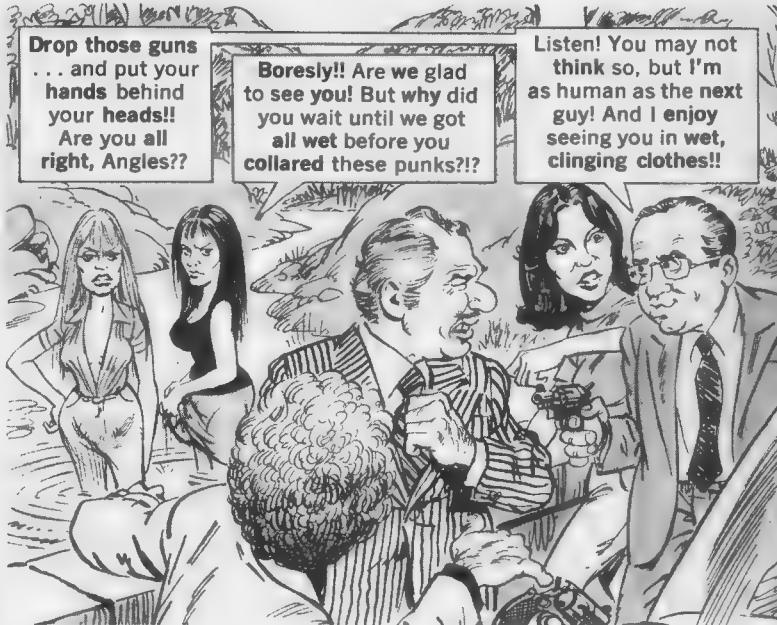
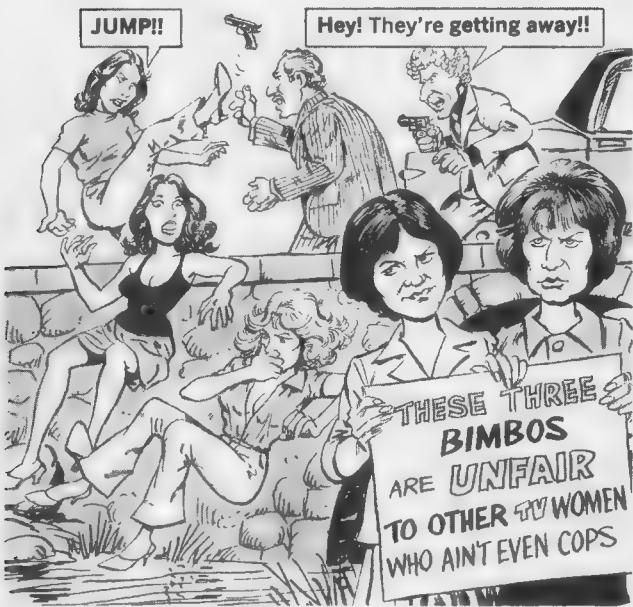
Why are we stopping here . . . ?

Because before we zap you, we're gonna have us a little party! Which one do you want, Cooch?

Hey, man! I'll take the blonde!

And my old man wanted me to be a Preacher . . . !

Uh—this is awkward, fellas! I feel like a fifth wheel! Why don't you four kids go and have your party, and I'll wait in the car!!



Congratulations, Angles! That was a job well done!

Why, thank you, Charlie . . . !

Due to your outstanding efforts, I am pleased to report that there has been a drastic decline in the crime rate!!

C'mon, Charlie! I'll admit we're good . . . but we only solve one case a week! How could that possibly affect the crime rate?

Because on the nights you ladies display your talents on the tube, all the crooks, muggers and degenerates of this fair land of ours are busy ogling you instead of being out on the streets . . . committing mayhem!!



ONE WEDNESDAY EVENING IN A RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM



**WHAT'S THE
ONE THING
OIL-RICH
SHEIKS HAVE
NO INTENTION
OF FUELING
IN THEIR
OWN LANDS?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

There's fuel for everything in the Middle East's oil rich lands. Except for one very important thing. And the way it looks now, this one thing isn't ever going to get any. To find out what it is, fold in the page.



A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



OIL RICH SHEIKS NOW SUPPORT HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS

LIBRARIES AND OTHER THINGS THAT WERE ONCE HELD IN POVERTY'S
TORTURED GRIP. BUT ONE THING IS STILL KEPT OUT OF REACH

A

B



JAMES MONTGOMERY BIRKBECK

I WANT, TOO

**WHAT'S THE
ONE THING
OIL-RICH
SHEIKS HAVE
NO INTENTION
OF FUELING
IN THEIR
OWN LANDS?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A **MEETS** **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**LIBERTY'S
TORCH**
A **MEETS** **B**

